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Mosen (Julius.)

# STORIES

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



LONDON :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW,

P. T. HELLYER, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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**RYDE:**

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## P R E F A C E .

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THIS little volume is presented to the public, in compliance with the wishes of several friends who have perused the manuscript translation.

The title adopted is indeed a little at variance with the original word ; but, as in English, a *Novel* signifies 3 vols. 12mo., it might seem ludicrous to appropriate the same awful title to these few pages. I have, therefore, considered *Stories* to be more suitable, as the very idea of having to labour through five novels would terrify many ; moreover, we generally expect some dreadful event connected with a novel ; by which, in the present instance, the reader might be woefully disappointed,

## PREFACE.

as the facts narrated are of the most simple nature. The following definition of a novel will certainly not be verified :

“ A novel, now,” says Will, “ is nothing more  
Than an old castle—and a creaking door—  
A distant hovel—  
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—  
Old armour—and a phantom all in white,  
And there’s a novel !”

The taste for German literature is widely spreading, as well as the desire to become acquainted with the language itself ; but, for the satisfaction of those who are unacquainted with the richness of the German language, I have adhered as strictly as possible to the original expressions, in order that some idea might be formed of the peculiarity of style adopted by the German writers of the present day.

## **PREFACE.**

The first four "Novels" are by Julius Mosen, a writer who has acquired some celebrity by his epic poem of "Ahasver." The last Story is taken from the "Gesammelte Novellen" of Tieck, an author well known to the English student of German literature.

**G. F. CROSSTHWAITE.**

**RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT, 1842.**



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# GERMAN TALES.

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ISHMAEL.

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OFTEN, when the fleeting events of life pass rapidly before my view, and when in imagination, I fancy myself already buried, like so many others, in the cold grave of the present time, then suddenly the dark night of the tomb opens, like a cloud breaking over the lofty Alps, and yonder far, far away, I perceive my verdant home and youthful life, like a lost island in the midst of icebergs. Then often, long-forgotten, venerable, grey-headed old men, and young men and their sons and daughters, with their friendly smiling faces, again step before me so naturally alive, as if but one long dreary night lay between to-day and formerly.

But many years have passed away since last I beheld their faces. Many of them repose in the little burying ground yonder, near the old church

B



with its belfrey, my oldest and most faithful friend ; the steeple of which, even now, in my dreams, peeps out from over the hills in so friendly a manner, and with its melodious soft chimes, appears to hail me, and to call out, “ where dost thou remain so long ? ”

Like my guardian angels, these recollections of *home* follow my footsteps everywhere ; they find me in the bustle of the market ; they creep after me into the theatre ; and my dormant feelings are aroused alike by the sound of a single bugle, whether in the most noisy concert, or in the depths of the forest glade. Home !—what blessed happiness is comprehended in that single word ! Alas ! we men of modern times have lost our Home—and for this reason are we all so unhappy ! Home ! Fatherland ! Faith ! Peace ! all—all have vanished ! In their stead, we have invented high-sounding, philosophical words ; we rub our hands in self-complacency and say, our home is the universe, our faith is joy and pleasure, and our peace—the battle field ! As though our home were not the heart, through which we first learn to feel the pleasures and pains of the world ! As if the battle ought not to purchase the palm of peace, and of domestic joys for us.

Is not man like a flower, an indigenous plant of the soil? As the one is attached to the earth by its material roots, and lives with and by it, in like manner does the other depend upon, and is the more firmly attached to it, by spiritual roots.

Whatever might be offered to me, it would be impossible ever to forget those distant mountains and valleys—those pine trees which waved and murmured over my cradle—those neighbours of my father, and their children, my playmates!

A thousand stories and trifling incidents which grew up there, like plants, and which had time to flourish and to perfect themselves with us, are rooted in the memory of my youth, like rare and costly pictures in an ancient Gothic church. Face to face they appear, encircled by golden and silver-wreathed frames, and look down upon me in the friendly confidential manner of an old acquaintance.

Among these pictures, first and foremost is the patriarchal Abraham, an old farmer, with a long grey beard, and whose venerable silver locks were covered by a green velvet cap. This man was known in the whole neighbourhood, more particularly for this reason, that during his latter days, he was always seen sitting by the road side, at the

top of the hill, with his face turned towards the east, as if anxiously looking out for a long expected messenger from thence.

At the vacations, when I was returning home from school or from the university, and could already recognise the paternal house in the distance, at the top of the hill, sitting under an ancient, solitary pine tree, I was always sure of finding old Abraham, almost doubled by age, holding in his skinny hands a long staff, and his eyes, shaded by long eyelashes, directed unceasingly towards the high-road to Bohemia, which looked towards the east.

Every time I saw him, he appeared heartily rejoiced at my presence, and always cried out, without my asking any question, "He is not yet come." These simple words affected my very soul, and rendered me exceedingly sorrowful; for a curious story is attached to them, which, according to opinion, may be termed both comical and serious at the same time. "He is not yet come," said I, musing, and passed on.

These words have something so melancholy connected them, and yet they so fondly recall past circumstances to my memory, that I can never forget them; neither the words, nor him to whom

they related, nor old Abraham who was accustomed to utter them so often.

Abraham's dwelling was situated upon the declivity of a hillock, whence a rippling streamlet descended, which, separating itself into several branches, preserved a constant verdure in the meadows. The house was so concealed behind high apple and pear trees, that one could only perceive the top of the chimney or the smoke curling upwards in the air. Behind the house, his land extended over the hill down into the valley, where the meadows, divided by the wandering rivulet, presented a lovely landscape. Bordering these meadows was a wood or copse, which consisted of firs, elms, and underwood.

Although Abraham's fields and meadows thus united in a line, presented a smiling picture of high cultivation, the wood was different, for in the centre was an extensive heath, upon which stood an old, crazy, uninhabited tenement, which, together with the ground and barren land annexed, formerly belonged to a charcoal burner, and was now the property of the deceased man's daughter, Frederica.

Abraham had compassionately taken this poor

orphan out of the wilderness after her father's death, which happened whilst she was still very young ; and frequently he used to say, "I found a young kid in the woods, and have brought it home to rear."

This girl grew up, and was educated as a sister with Abraham's two sons, of whom, the one was called Ishmael, the other Isaac.

It was not without a cause that Abraham had given these names to his sons, following the example of the great patriarch whose name he himself bore.

There was an old saying in his family, that formerly, in very ancient times, his ancestors had dwelt in Asia, that they were descended from the Arabians, and thus in a direct line from Ishmael, the son of Abraham and the maid, and that they had accidentally wandered into Germany and there fixed themselves.

We need not enquire how much of this may be true or false ; there is no doubt, but that such a saying, which had been so long preserved, even to the latest times, must have had great influence upon the family whom it concerned ; particularly in Germany, where for centuries past, all nationality seems to have been destroyed, and where

an individual or family existence has been established instead.

Now, as Abraham could never hear enough concerning the places in Palestine and the neighbouring countries, he kept up a continual and friendly intercourse with my father, who was the village schoolmaster.

Sometimes Abraham came to our house, but more frequently he invited my father to his own house, to drink a glass of beer.

When my father went to see him, he usually took me with him, and gave me books and maps to carry. The patriarch was generally waiting for us, and received us at the door, took us by the hand and led us into his parlour, where the whole family was assembled. Upon the white maple-wood table we saw the large Nürnberg bible, with beautiful wood-cuts, already opened.

Whilst the two old people were finding out in the map of Palestine the cities and places of the Holy Land, according to the particular chapter of the bible they happened to be reading, I was seated alongside of Ishmael and Isaac, or near the friendly Frederica. The character of Ishmael was gloomy and unfathomable, like the sea of Genezereth, and

at times, like it, had its troubled and dangerous storms. His natural inclination was to wander about in the fields and woods; at a later period, the chase was added, and he frequently accompanied the huntsman of the neighbouring Lord upon such expeditions.

Often, in later years, when we children had grown a little older, and when I happened to accompany my father to Abraham's house, Ishmael was always busy with his rifle, or with something or other connected with it, which clearly shewed his ruling passion. At one time he was occupied preparing a trap for catching foxes or hares; at another he was melting lead for bullets by the heat of the lamp which hung up in the middle of the room; at other times, though rarely, he sat musing within himself, or listening to the conversation which was going forward between our fathers.

The conversation of the two old men would, sometimes, naturally be louder than usual; particularly, when my father happened to touch upon the beauty of the climate of the promised land, or the sweet clear waters of the sea of Genezereth, and the flourishing cities which existed in those ancient times, or to describe the River Jordan

abounding with fish, and of which the name in the Hebrew is synonymous with that of the Rhine, the etymology of which my father delighted to explain and to expand upon. Upon such occasions Abraham began to roll his eyes, to stretch out his arms, and to exclaim, "Do I not hear the murmuring of the wind, and does it not come from the holy mountain? Do I not hear the roaring of the waves of the blessed Jordan dashing against the banks. Ah, me! I shall never see thee, land of my fathers! When I am surrounded by the shadows of death, and am crying aloud for salvation, no kind angel will come and strew upon my head the earth of my distant home—from yonder, where lies the holy well, between Kadesh and Bered—so that I might depart in peace."

During this exclamation, Ishmael would rise up, standing with his arms folded, casting his wild ruminating eye upwards to the ceiling, as though he could therein discover the compass which should guide him to the place; for he recollected it was between Kadesh and Bered, near the well, on the road to Shur, that the angel of the Lord had met Hagar, and had spoken thus to her: "Hagar, Sarah's maid, whence comest thou? and whither



wilt thou go?" and then again: "Behold thou shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction, and he shall become a wanderer!" and Ishmael the second knew full well that he was only the natural son of his father Abraham, who was sitting there at the table, and that the period was fast approaching, when he likewise would be compelled to turn his back upon the paternal house! He knew and believed, as firmly as his father Abraham, that none of his race could die happily, if in the hour of death, a handful of the holy earth from the promised land could not be strewn upon the head and breast.

When such a conversation occurred, Abraham would often bring forth out of a drawer a curious little casket, of an unknown metal, covered with strange engraven characters, provided with clasps, and around which a strap was fastened; placing it upon the table, he would say, in deeply affected tones—

"Alas! unhappy me: look in this box, Mr. Schoolmaster; it does not contain the slightest particle of dust, which might effect my salvation in the hour of death! When I strewed upon the

head of my father, who was dying, the last remains of the holy earth, which had been left us by our ancestors, he looked up at me with such a look—never can I forget it; and spoke: ‘Ah! but, Abraham, how wilt thou die?’ It is this unfortunate circumstance, Mr. Schoolmaster, which embitters every enjoyment of my life.”

My father, who was attached to Germany with all his soul, and at that period it still was an empire, at least in name, began then to feel angry and to scold; and would interrupt the old man by such words as these:—

“Generally speaking, Abraham, you are a sensible man! you are a faithful Christian, and what is still more, you act like a good Christian, but notwithstanding all this, you are a downright fool! Let it be granted that your family originally came from Palestine; yet, as you well know, since many centuries it has become naturalised in the middle of Germany. Your great-grandfather, your grandfather, your father, yourself and children, have all been born here in the principality, and educated and brought up as true and honorable Germans, which ye are, and not Ishmaelites! This is your home—this is the earth which will some time or

other be strewed upon our bodies, and under which, let us hope, we shall repose in peace and happiness. If we go back to Adam and Eve, we must all originally have come from Asia. Now, if every person, at his hour of death, required a handful of Asiatic earth, which after all is but dust, like all other dust, why we should be compelled to freight all the ships of Europe with half of the continent of Asia. Abraham, get rid of this sinful superstition, and learn to know your true and only home."

But Abraham would reply, "If I had not at least the consolation to know that my ancestors were formerly esteemed by God and man, and if I were compelled now to be satisfied to remain a German peasant, who never in his life hears anything of 'ancestry,' either in the city, in the market, or in a court of justice, Mr. Schoolmaster—a peasant, who is only looked after in the country when taxes are required—if I were compelled to submit to this, I would rather have an ideal country of my own, than such an one, which used me only as an instrument for making money! I thought more belonged to a country than merely eating, drinking and sleeping in the same spot for sixty years."

That was saying rather too much to my father, who certainly rode a similar hobby-horse, and gloried much in being a member of the Holy Roman German Empire.

As soon as the conversation reached this point, he generally seized his hat, and called out, "Come, Julius. No harm meant, Abraham ; good night."

Without further delay, we trotted along home, my father muttering to himself, "What an old proud fool he is ; he will be one. Never mind ; come along Julius."

My father was not quite in the wrong. Abraham was as proud as any ancient nobleman could be of his ancestry, for according to his own notion, his genealogical tree could be traced through the whole of the Old Testament, as well as in profane history.

This pride took yet deeper root, owing to the circumstance that his race had been continued by male descent from the earliest period. It is true, he himself was an exception to this general rule, as he had two sons ; Isaac born in lawful wedlock, and the other, Ishmael, an illegitimate child. Upon the latter circumstance he did not like to dwell, as he considered himself much humbled and disgraced by it.

As I before mentioned, I became acquainted at an early age with Abraham's sons and his adopted daughter. As soon as my lessons were over, I always flew to them, particularly at that period when we were all still children.

As soon as spring appeared, when the streamlets and pools were flooded, we always found amusing employment at the bottom of the little hill, where a kind of tumbling bay was formed. Ishmael and I were very clever in building little water mills, consisting of small sticks, in which were fixed little scoops made of chips, and thus we constructed a very ingenious water wheel. This little wheel was placed in such a manner, that both ends of the stick fitted into two wooden grooves, which were fastened in the ground on each side of the ditch, so that the water running in, caused the wheel to turn round. Isaac, on the other hand, was very skilful in making all kinds of shepherd's pipes of ash sticks, in which the sap was beginning to fill, and which when knocked a few times with the back of the knife, would loosen the bark, separating it just where it was divided by the segments.

Frederica gathered young butter-cups and daisies and wreathed garlands for each of us.

When the foaming water merrily turned our mills round and round, and we, adorned with our wreaths of butter-cup flowers, were sitting above playing our pipes, accompanied by the harmonious sounds of the lark, singing in the delightful spring blue sky, oh then did we imagine ourselves infinitely happy !

A child requires so few external means of happiness, because its internal poetical imagination still exists. Only elder people, who have themselves become corrupted by living in corrupt times, no longer enjoy real happiness, because they have lost the poetry of happiness ! Have there not existed men, whose whole hearts by degrees have been turned into senseless matter ? But go on to your perdition—ye votaries of pleasure !

I will now pass over the joyful period of our early youth. Ishmael was the eldest. At the time of which I am now speaking, he was perhaps about eighteen years old ; Isaac sixteen ; Frederica fifteen ; when she began to tend the flocks of her generous patron, in the wood, near the decayed hut of her deceased father.

There she sat on the banks of the streamlet, under the venerable old branchy lime tree, which protected her from the heat of the summer sun.

The lambs were skipping and jumping cheerfully around her, without her troubling herself about them, for her faithful "Rover" watched the flock all round, and took care that no lamb should lose itself. Above her head, in the foliage of the tree, a couple of loving turtle doves were cooing, enjoying the warmth of the sun.

She perceived nothing of all this. In her hand she held a wreath of curious wild flowers, upon her head she wore a straw hat, her crook was leaning against her shoulder; there she sat, as if in a dream!

She was not sorrowful, and yet a big tear gushed from her light blue eye; she was not merry, yet smiles played around her sweet mouth!

The shadows were lengthening upon the moor, a delightful soft breeze fluttered the tops of the trees in the wood, and spread sweet incense around the sanctuary of her repose; yet Frederica was so deeply immersed in thought, that she herself, like a flower, was unconsciously increasing the surrounding beauty, without thinking distinctly upon any subject.

A little while before, two glowing black eyes had penetrated into Frederica's heart, and now followed her wherever she went; she could never

look at them sufficiently. In her heart, the words continually resounded, "I like you!" and upon her right hand she still felt the pressure of the hand, which Ishmael had given to her, when he opened the yard door at her departure to tend the flock.

It appeared to her, as though she had to-day seen Ishmael for the first time, or as though, suddenly, the veil had been removed from his shape, through which she had hitherto viewed him as in the shade, and with indifference. Never had his sun-burnt face appeared so lovely to her, as to-day, when for the first time he looked at her, and said, "I like you so." Never had he appeared so clever and nimble as to-day, when with a jerk he drew back the heavy bars of the gate.

Whilst she was thus, for the first time, pensively mooding over her playmate, the bland looking Isaac came round by the half-ruined house. He was dressed in his Sunday's jacket, and wore a red silk handkerchief round his neck. She did not perceive him till he stood before her, and said, "Ah! good day to you, Frederica!"

Scarcely had she raised her eyes, startled at



these words, than she exclaimed in astonishment, "And why so smart?"

"Now," said Isaac, "that is a question. I was not aware that anybody need feel so surprised to see a genteel young man genteelly dressed!"

"Go along," replied Frederica, "you want to impose upon me; you are not sincere."

"Well then, I will tell you," said Isaac, softly and half abashed, "and you shall know at once, why I have put on my best handkerchief; because you told me the other day that I looked so well with it, and because,—because, I wish to please you,—and because I should like to marry you!"

Frederica fell into a violent fit of laughter at this curious explanation, and continued folding her hands upon her bosom, crying out, "Oh dear, I can laugh no longer; oh dear, my heart will burst! Isaac, I hope you do not go to the public house to drink? and what a face you are making! No! go along, go along! you will make me angry, and I will not speak another word to you, however disagreeable it may be to me. When I go home, and your father looks at me, I shall die of shame. Go away, Isaac! go, good Isaac!"

But Isaac cast himself down at her feet, and

said, " Yet you will allow Rover to repose at your feet, and even to rest his head upon your hand, and he is only a dog ; why should I, who love you so much, not dare to sit near you."

At this moment, the report of a gun was heard, and the leaves of the lime trees came tumbling down upon them.

Isaac and Frederica had sprung upon their feet, and looked around frightened. Then came Ishmael out of the wood towards them. Already, when he was still at a distance, Frederica called out to him, " You naughty, detestable Ishmael, how you frightened me ! Why you might have shot us dead."

Ishmael replied quickly and angrily, " I was obliged to shoot ; for a few moments longer, and it might have happened that I should not have been master of it ! Frederica !" With this word he took hold of her hand roughly, and she started back, pale and trembling. " Frederica ! I like you much—you know it ! but if you prefer Isaac or another, say so at once. It is better to know quickly and decidedly how we stand."

But Isaac went up to him and said, in a fierce tone, " I tell you what, my big fellow, I intend to

marry Frederica myself. Now, get away, or something disagreeable may occur between us."

Ishmael, however, without letting Frederica's hand loose, turned his head aside and spoke contemptuously, "Thou little fellow! dost thou think that I am to be thy slave, and follow in thy footsteps, because at a later period thou art likely to become a rich farmer? Beware! do not burn thy fingers. Get home and read the story of Cain and Abel, and remember what I tell thee; if it must be thus, I certainly shall not play the part of Abel."

Frederica now tore herself away from Ishmael, and exclaimed, "Alas, poor me! yes, I will throw myself into the water, rather than that ye should hurt one another! Tell your father, when you return home, and when in the evening he finds me not with you, that I have cast myself into the stream."

Ishmael, who, after the burst of passion had evaporated, was as good natured as before he was hasty, first wiped a tear from his eye. When Isaac saw that, he also began to weep bitterly with Frederica.

All three now stretched out their hands, and sat

down upon the long grass, without speaking a word. Neither of them ventured to look at the other, till at length Ishmael first broke silence.

“I am of opinion that only one of us three can become unhappy through this affair; when I seriously reflect upon it, I think it is certainly better for Frederica to marry a rich farmer than one who has not anything, like myself, and who is compelled to be satisfied with whatever may be given to him out of charity, on account of his disgraceful birth. But, pardon me, dear Frederica, if you had loved me, how could I possibly have kept away from you?”

Isaac was going to reply, when Frederica, who was sitting down in deep thought, suddenly interrupted him, saying, “Now, I was just thinking that the people in the village when they want to marry, always go to the clergyman and state the case to him. How would it be, if we were all to go to him, and tell him that ‘we all three love one another, but yet we know that only two can be happy together.’”

“Now that is a capital idea,” said Isaac, who was quite delighted at it. But Ishmael did not appear to relish it, till at length Frederica whis-

pered into his ear, "The parson knows that what God joins, man shall not part."

"Well," said Ishmael, "to-morrow is Sunday ; after service we will go to his house."

They did so.

On the following morning, just as the parson had returned home from church, and whilst his daughter was telling him that she could not get the roast veal to turn brown, although she had kept up a good fire, and that no more asparagus had come up in the garden, since it had not rained for some time ; at the moment, when the preserver of souls, who had not Job's patience, was waxing wroth at this news, a slight rap at the door was heard, which was repeated in a modest manner, upon which he called out, "Come in,"—the door gently opened, and Frederica, with Ishmael and Isaac, entered timidly.

"What do you want ?" cried out the parson.

As the two youths could not find words to reply, owing to the perplexity of their situation, Frederica began to speak, blushing and stammering.

"If you please, your reverence, I shall soon be able to bring you a little dish of strawberries ; the plants have already flowered in the wood, and the

fruit is setting green ; meanwhile I have brought you a plate of mushrooms."

With these words, she unfastened the vessel which was tied up in a clean handkerchief, and placed it carefully upon the sideboard.

" You are a very good child," said the parson.

" And here," said Ishmael, " I have brought your reverence a couple of young wood pigeons which I shot yesterday."

" Very good indeed," said the clergyman, and seized hold of the pigeons to feel if they were plump.

Only poor Isaac had not anything to give ; for the artful Frederica had imparted her plan to Ishmael alone, advising him to carry something to the parson, in order to gain his favour ; and her favourite had gone out into the wood with his gun as early as four o'clock, walking through thick and thin, till at length he had knocked down the pigeons, and which he now brought as an offering. He could not find a partridge.

" And now, what is your pleasure?" inquired the parson.

" Do not be offended, your reverence," said the girl, blushing, " I am come to tell you that I like

Ishmael and Isaac both very much, and both of them wish to marry me, but——”

“Marry,” exclaimed the parson, laughing aloud, “Harriet, come hither, (calling his daughter) here, come, only look at this girl; only think, this creature wants to marry. Get out! you —— Here, give me my hat, I will go and speak to old Abraham—he shall know what his education, as he calls it, is doing ——”

Ishmael looked very angrily, but the parson, putting on his hat, interrupted him with these words, and making violent gestures—

“What, you wanderer, you will cast your angry looks at me? wait a moment, I will give you a lecture on the duties of a Christian—you immoral—you ——”

Frederica began to sob. The parson hastened out of his house, went hurriedly through the village, up the hill, and entered Abraham’s house, who just then happened to be reading in the bible, the story of the expulsion of Hagar and her son.

Before him was placed the mysterious casket, which he always had in view whenever he wished to read the holy scriptures in a very meditative manner. But he scarcely saw the parson enter,

before he stood up to greet him, in his usual friendly manner.

“It is well known,” began the former to preach in a solemn, impressive manner, “that God visits the sins of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations. This curse now rests upon you, Abraham! You wished to repair the sins of your youth, by bringing into your house the fruit of your iniquity. But, behold, the hand of God knows how to find out the sinner, even when he thinks himself most securely concealed.

“I have often thought with horror upon the subject, Abraham, what liberties you grant to your children, particularly to that Ishmael. This is the result of your indulgences. Now listen! Your Ishmael and Isaac, with the girl you took into your house, have just been to me, and state, that they wish to get married. What do you think of that, Abraham? Do you not call that something in the style of Ishmael, exactly to your heart’s content? Well, frighten yourself; cast your eyes on the ground; for the sins of your youth stand up against you, and surround you at all points, to drive you into the yawning gulf of destruction.

“Now, listen further! You have heard to-day



at church, that a man continually sins, even whilst endeavouring to make amends for his previous sins. Just as it is with yourself; for you will become a participator in all the sins which Ishmael may commit, since he owes his existence to you. I am sorry to have heard, that your Ishmael turns all the girls heads in the village; wherever he may happen to stray past a house or garden, some foolish girl or other is always after him. Last Thursday night, the wicked spirit has even dared to put into the mouth of my daughter, a girl after God's own heart, the name of Ishmael, which she uttered in her dream; and I, through fright, jumped out of bed, and went up to where she was sleeping, in order to wake her, and disperse her wicked dreams. I have still a bad cough, which I caught upon the occasion. And now, the reason I come to you is, to tell you that things do not go on better in your own house; you see he has bewitched your modest Frederica; it is no better in my house; and it will never be better anywhere, until you drive out this child of sin—this eternal reproach to you—and send him as a soldier, the only state for which he is fitted. I say, Amen!"

Now Abraham was excessively touchy upon

this point, for self-reproaches always arose in his bosom, whenever he saw this eternal proof of the sinful inclination of his former years before his eyes ; besides, he had frequently asked himself what he should do with Ishmael now he had grown up, for he did not feel disposed to dismember his property by dividing it equally ; in addition to this, the example of Abraham had frequently struck him forcibly ; and, if at times, he had felt a secret warning that he ought to act like his great namesake, who had driven out the maid with her son, this feeling was particularly strong at the present moment, when the fault of his early youth had been so severely commented upon by the parson, and, consequently, those ideas pressed with redoubled force upon his mind.

. He trembled with anger and embarrassment.

But when Ishmael entered the room in a haughty manner, exclaiming, " The parson may say what he likes, it will make no difference"—

" Make no difference with what?" exclaimed Abraham.

" That I intend to have Frederica for my wife"—

" Without my consent?" asked Abraham.

" I hope to God, with your consent," replied Ishmael.

"Then," said the parson, "I have nothing more to do here!" He probably just recollected that his Sunday dinner must now be ready, and he withdrew.

Abraham had sunk down in his arm-chair, and fixing his eyes upon the ground, appeared to be deeply absorbed in meditation.

At length he raised himself up, and said to Ishmael, who was still standing before him, "Wait a minute, my son."

With these words, he went out for a short time, and then came in again, carrying a bag of money. He counted out three hundred gold pieces upon the table, and then said, "Ishmael, thou shalt not say that I drove thee out into the world naked and hungry."

"You are not going to drive me out, are you?" asked Ishmael anxiously.

"Yes, yes!" replied Abraham. "Here, take up this money, and hang this little casket round your neck."

Ishmael immediately comprehended the mysterious proceeding. He was seized with a holy shudder when his father hung the strap over his shoulders, and putting the money into a pouch, fastened and buckled it on round his waist. But

when Abraham now spoke, "Go my son, into the land of our fathers, and bring me back some of the blessed earth from near the fountain, which springs yonder between *Kadesh* and *Bered*, in order that I may die happily and sanctified. Now, kneel down, that I may bless thee! May the angel of the Lord go before thee with the olive branch and the sword, and prepare the way for thee—may he protect thy going forth and thy return—may he lead thee in safety over mountains and seas, into the land where it pleased God to walk amongst mankind, where he spake with the patriarchs and prophets—yonder, where the angels of the Lord descended upon a ladder to the sleeping Jacob! yonder, where the earth sucked up the streaming blood of our Holy Redeemer!

"The Lord will preserve thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome pestilence—He shall defend thee under His wings, for He is thy trust—He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee from harm and preserve thee upon thy journey—they shall bear thee in their hands, that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone—thou shalt go upon the lion and adder, and shalt tread under thy feet the young lion and the dragon.

“God’s grace be upon thee, and conduct thee in safety back to thy country, where I will preserve for thee the bride of thy soul!”

Then he pressed Ishmael to his heart, kissed him a thousand times, saying, “Now, go! depart! and have compassion upon thy father, in order that God may have mercy upon thee.”

Ishmael was so dismayed and overcome by grief, that he could not speak. He kissed his father’s hands, and then took up his wanderer’s staff.

Isaac and Frederica, both sobbing aloud, were standing under the threshold of the door.

Ishmael pressed his beloved, for the first time, to his heart; he kissed her cheek for the first time, and exclaimed, in half stifled tones, “I shall come again, Frederica, be faithful to me!”

When he tore himself violently away from her embrace, she fell down upon her knees and cried out in a loud voice, “If you depart, I will not remain another moment in the house, even if I am obliged to beg my bread in the wide world.”

Ishmael placed his trembling hands upon her head, and then spake, as if in the agony of death, “I must go forth; but woe be to all of you, if you do not carefully preserve this jewel for me. I am

going forth into the wilderness, but God will not suffer me to perish, and I shall come home again ; but the Lord have mercy upon you all, if upon my return, I cannot embrace this one as my bride ! But my word shall be binding to you only for ten years—ten years only—that is a good long time. ‘Then—then—’ his voice here faltered ; “ then, do as you will.”

When he turned away, they called aloud after him ; but he proceeded with hasty strides, and was soon lost to their view.

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The next morning, when all Abraham’s household quietly proceeded to their usual occupations, and only Frederica, with weeping eyes, was packing up her few things, Abraham addressed her, saying, “ And you really will leave the house ? ”

Frederica replied, “ What would people think if I were to remain here with Isaac ? ”

“ But where will you go to ? ”

“ To the hut of my father, until something better turns up for my advantage ; I will pick berries

and herbs, which I will carry to town for sale. God will not let me perish in the wood."

"If you are determined not to do otherwise," said Abraham, "you are at liberty to go away; but you shall not suffer for want of anything. I will send the old ploughman with you, and he shall cultivate the bit of land for you, and make it productive. I will also give you the dapple cow, three goats, and a few sheep; and occasionally I will call upon you myself, to see that things are going on as they ought to do." Frederica fell upon his neck and cried, she could not express her gratitude.

An hour later, William, the old ploughman, was seen driving a horse and cart over the hill, loaded with all kinds of household furniture; behind, followed Frederica, her head sunk down upon her breast, driving before her the dapple cow, the goats and sheep, which were now her own property.

William was indefatigable in his occupations; he set about repairing the hut in the wood, nailed up boards and fences, made new gates and doors, fitted up the stable with barns, and, as he was very expert, the place in a short time was transformed into a very comfortable dwelling.

He then divided the land and heath into arable and pasture, and began to dig and plough in right earnest, whilst Frederica arranged her household and tended her little flock. In this manner the first year passed away, and the second was entered upon in perfect tranquillity and repose.

Frederica appeared to be absorbed in silent melancholy, and seldom appeared among the villagers, who upon this account called her, in derision, "the fairy of the wood."

But Abraham sometimes visited her, and assisted her in her little arrangements to augment the produce of the farm, often saying, "I let every thing go to ruin here through indifference; I am now your debtor, and must try to bring it all round again."

Isaac also often came to her house. But she appeared not to notice his supplicating loving looks, although in other respects she was very friendly towards him.

No person ever ventured to name Ishmael. When the third year had arrived, without his returning, it happened, as if by silent agreement, that every evening Abraham, Isaac, and also Frederica, met at the top of the hill, near the old pine tree, from



whence the road ran to the eastward, towards Bohemia.

They all knew for what reason they were looking down upon the road for so long a time, but none dared to say why.

When night approached, Abraham alone spake, saying, "He is not yet come."

In this manner, year passed after year; but he came not. At length the tenth year arrived; still he came not!

When now the longest period fixed by Ishmael himself for his return had arrived, the almost never interrupted, almost involuntary solicitations of Isaac for the hand of Frederica, became more pressing and more open.

One fine summer evening, when they were all assembled at the top of the hill, near the pine tree, and had looked down upon the road until it had become nearly dark, and at length Abraham was about leaving, exclaiming as usual, "He is not yet come," Isaac remained sitting near Frederica, and did not accompany his father, as was his custom at other times.

He looked upon Frederica a long while without speaking; he then took hold of her hand and

said, "Ishmael will not return again, and we wait in vain. Have you never reflected upon it Frederica, that our youthful days are rapidly passing away, and that youth returns not again? You cannot possibly live alone any longer, for who will tend and take care of you when you are ill? Nor can I longer carry on my household without a helpmate. Now, if at last you must accept of a partner for the remainder of your days, tell me who could love you and cherish you more than I, who have ever loved you since our earliest youth? With whom could you converse of our Ishmael, without your husband feeling annoyed? whilst to me, it will be a solace to my heavy grief to be continually talking about him. Now, my dear Frederica, do not take a stranger for your husband: do, pray, become my wife!"

For a long while Frederica found no words, but sobs and tears. At length she said, "My good Isaac, wait three months longer; if he return not in that time, I will become thy wife, since it cannot now be otherwise; but till then, speak not another word upon the subject."

"Oh, sweetest, dearest Frederica!" said Isaac,

"I will love and cherish you, as the apple of my eye ; I will never leave you as long as I live !"

"Well now, follow your father," replied Frederica, "and lead him, that he may not stumble. He becomes perceptibly weaker, and is fast consuming away. Good night." Thus parted these happy souls.

Every evening they continued to meet at the top of the hill ; but day after day, night after night, week after week passed, and thus the end of the three months was approaching—but he came not !

When winter appeared, three well-laden wagons were seen passing over the hill, decked out with fluttering, gay-coloured ribbons ; then came four dapple cows, with their horns gilded ; after this, followed a flock of sheep, the bell-wether also adorned, and leading with a new bell hung round his neck. Behind these followed Abraham, supported by Isaac the bridegroom, and a beautiful pale bride, Frederica. Nearly all the inhabitants of the village accompanied them, bearing stone bottles and cans, filled with beer and wine. The young fellows fired in the air with large pistols or guns, preserved from the Seven Years' War ; and all were happy and merry, so that hill and dale resounded

with their joyous acclamations. No wedding which had ever taken place in the village had been celebrated with so much splendour as this one.

This happy event was succeeded by a continuance of tranquil, cheerful, and smiling days to the young couple. But Abraham, as was his custom, proceeded every evening to the top of the hill, casting his longing eyes upon the high-road, till the sun had descended below the horizon, saying, as before, "He is not yet arrived."

In this manner, three years more glided away ; Abraham was now eighty years old, and so weak that he was compelled to keep his bed. Motionless did he often lie for days together, so that his people thought he had died. But when they spoke to him, his eyelids opened, and his living eyes stared bright and clear, like two brilliant stars.

When the thirteenth anniversary of the departure of Ishmael had arrived, and the lovely spring sky had once more extended itself over the fruitful hills and valleys—when the lark was sending forth his soul-cheering notes, Abraham called his son Isaac to his bed-side, and whispered to him, "I wish to go once more to the top of the hill."

Then Isaac ordered soft mattresses and counter-

panes to be placed upon a tressel, and had his father carried out into the balmy air of the May sun. Alongside walked his chaste and lovely wife, with their first born, a cheerful boy, to whom they had given the name of Ishmael.

When they had arrived under the old pine tree, there where the Bohemian road leads to the east, Abraham had himself placed upon the green turf, and looked with astonished eyes into the distance.

Isaac and Frederica stood next to him hand in hand, looking at each other silently and melancholy. Their little son was playing tranquilly with the flowers at his grandfather's feet.

Already was the sun descending below the horizon ; small pale and yellow clouds were flirting in the sky ; and now a bright star appeared rising in the east.

Abraham sat up suddenly in his bed, pointed downwards upon the high-road.

All now perceived a sturdy traveller in the distance, who appeared to be advancing with rapid strides towards them. Frederica pressed closer to Isaac.

The tall figure of the traveller came nearer and nearer. In the evening glimmer, his features

could not be recognised, although he was now in their vicinity. And now he stood close to them.

A tall, powerful man, in a foreign dress, with a swarthy countenance and long beard, high open forehead, under which glistened well known eyes, stood before them. But when he said, "God save ye," they all exclaimed together, "Ishmael! Ishmael!!"

"Well! here I am again among you," said he, "returned after a long imprisonment, cruel slavery, and much suffering—here I am again, my dearest father!"

At these words he knelt down, and his father held out both hands to embrace him.

After a little while, Ishmael again rose and held up the well known little casket, saying, "Have you also preserved my treasure?"

Frederica sunk down weeping at his feet, but Isaac seized his hand and said, "As true as God is in heaven, we waited for you ten years and three months; and as you did not return, I persuaded my dear Frederica to give me her hand."

Ishmael placed his right hand upon his heart, and seized hold of his garments convulsively, as

though he could with difficulty suppress his emotion, and raising his eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed, "Thy will be done."

He then took off from his shoulders the leather straps, with the well known casket, which Abraham had given him at his departure; knelt down at his side; and said, in a wild tone, "Father, here is some of the holy earth, dug from the neighbourhood of the well of the Living One, which is between Kadesh and Bered; holy dust, moistened with its sacred waters."

Abraham placed his hands upon his son's head, and said in a loud voice—

"In a short time thou wilt be with me—above with the patriarchs; with the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. This world possesses no recompense for thy fidelity—no reward for thy obedience, for thy sufferings, for thy love. But the angels of the Lord are waiting for thee, and eternal happiness is prepared for thee in heaven."

Then Abraham took out of the opened casket a handful of the earth, and repeating some broken sentences from the bible, such as "blessed are those who come in the name of the Lord!" "My soul is in his hands!" then strewed the holy dust

upon his breast, and sank back into the arms of  
“ the long sleep.”

Ishmael knelt down and prayed ; then he arose suddenly, stretched out his hands to his brother and to Frederica, kissed and blessed their little boy, and weeping aloud, disappeared in the shades of night.



THE ITALIAN NOVEL.

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IN Germany there was once a period, when every manly sentiment had so entirely disappeared, that the only conversation heard was concerning albums and opera-dancers, state-papers and prayer books, or about fresh oysters and old pictures. Now, as poets may be considered the quicksilver in the barometer of social life, it happened during that period, that even a person born with the mind of a giant, would perform amongst them the actions of a delicate little dwarf. Then, did poetry sink down to the freezing point of novel literature.

During this effeminate period a few friends were sitting together joyfully splashing about in their quagmire. After staring at each other by turns, Robert, the younger of them, said to his neighbour, who was sitting with his face resting upon his arms, stretched over the back of his chair, "Now, you are just returned from Italy, the country of

banditti and of intrigues ; have you nothing to tell us about it ?”

“Italy,” said John, “is the opposite pole to Germany ; for universal monarchy has nearly always belonged either to Italy or to Germany. This equilibrium is dissolved ; what will be the result ?”

“A novel, a novel !” exclaimed the others.

John continued : “Every nation politically oppressed, becomes a hot-bed for the production of novels ; it is impossible it should be otherwise, than that the load of human passions which an extended political freedom consumes, or renders harmless, should find vent in some other way, and occasion, individually, unheard of ravages amongst a people held in political bondage. Lop off the crown of a tree, and numerous useless sprouts will break out from the stump ; oppress an enlightened people, and you favour the poetry of novel writing. The existence of such a people does not so much belong to history, as it does to the art of novel writing ; now, Italy possesses the best novels, and fresh ones ; both heart-breaking and laughter-moving are daily concocted, spun out, or finished there. In that country it is only necessary to

open one's eyes to follow up in detail any trivial circumstance which may happen ; you then have a novel ready prepared. I am going to relate just such a story to you now.

“ When I was at Rome, I had engaged an apartment in a very large house, not far from the Tiber, near the *Ponte Rotto*. One morning, I was standing upon the balcony, musing with my own troubled feelings, and looking down upon the crowd of boats and market rafts floating on the Tiber. The thousand ever-changing images, which presented themselves to me continually, both upon the river and in the street, chained me, as it were, to the spot, and unconsciously rivetted my attention. Now appeared a noisy Trasteverine, in his blue velvet jacket, his hat stuck tastefully, but carelessly aside, driving before him his mule, bearing hampers well filled with fruit and vegetables ; then followed sun-burnt, swarthy mountaineers, with their wild looking hawk-eyes ; here the mumbling of an aged female sinner ; yonder the tinkling of a broken bell in the hand of an old dumb man, supplicating charity, in the name of the spotless Virgin ; aye, even a lusty capuchin monk, standing broiling in the heat of the sun,

crying out for a '*Bajocehi*,' to lessen the pains and diminish the hellish thirst of the damned souls in purgatory.

"All these scenes now recur to my memory, as though it were but yesterday. Just at that moment appeared under my balcony, an old guitar-player who began singing—

*'Ahi ! quanti palpiti,  
Quanti sospiri,  
Quanti deliri,  
Feci per te !'*

[Alas ! how frequent are my sighs ;  
What drops of sorrow dim my eyes ;  
Without respite my torments rise,  
And all for love of thee !]

"Suddenly his song ceased. A crowd of people rushed up from the banks of the river ; I could only hear distinctly the exclamation, 'Ah ! poor thing—poor creature !' owing to the noise and uproar of the excited populace. My curiosity was aroused ; and leaning over the iron railing, I endeavoured to recognise, if possible, the object which was borne in the middle of the crowd. My

God ! what a spectacle presented itself to my view ! Upon a long narrow board, lay stretched out, the dead body of a woman, bound by a rope. Two fishermen were carrying the corpse. At length they arrived exactly under my balcony. Involuntarily, a tender tear gushed from my youthful eye. This unfortunate female could only have perished in the river, and have been dragged out dead a few moments before—that corpse, still dressed in its wetted garments, with dishevelled, dripping, raven black hair, hanging down almost to the ground ; the noble, youthful, but extinct countenance, with its painfully distorted, yet still lovely mouth ; that figure, with its bare, deadly-chaste, marble bosom, below which the arms were pinioned, being fastened with a handkerchief round the delicate wrists, in order to keep them fixed. That youthful, affecting picture of death, which so suddenly had been dragged forth again into glowing life, horrible but beautiful, made the deepest impression upon me.

“ Even some considerable time after the crowd of people had left the spot with the corpse, I remained stationary, my eyes fixed down upon the street where the living waves of life had again listlessly closed over this affecting scene. But the guitar-

player was still standing, fomenting himself in the heat of the sun, blowing and puffing, in loud discourse with a number of fruit dealers, who carried their baskets filled with citrons and oranges upon their heads, and surrounded him, standing with their arms folded, listening with the greatest attention. He held his guitar in one hand, grasping it like the club of Hercules, and occasionally swinging it in a circle round his head so violently, that the strings sounded like bells in the air. I had spent many 'paoli' with him, for fugitive pieces, which he was accustomed to sell, therefore so soon as he perceived and recognised me, he stretched out his neck and screaming aloud, addressed me with these words—'*Signore, una stupenda novella.*'

"I made him a sign, and immediately he ran up stairs to me. 'I know very well what you wish to be told,' said he, as quickly as he could utter the words, 'you wish me to relate the history of that young woman, poor creature! ah, if she were still living! however we must all die! but then so young, so rich! I must tell you this story, but I am as dry as a whetstone. Are you waiting for the 'Orvieto,' Signore?"

"I took from the ice tub a bottle of Orvieto, and

poured out a large glass full to the brim. He took it up, exclaiming, 'Ah, ah! this is my little straw mantle from Orvieto, the little fat mendicant monk! Ah, ah! An old est, est!'

\* *Montefiascone*.—We have stopped for the night at the hotel of this place, so renowned for its wine, the remnant of a bottle of which stands, at this moment, twinkling between me and my French companions. The ladies of our party have gone to bed, and left us in the room where sat Jean Defoucris, the merry German monk, who died of excess in drinking the same liquor that flashes through this straw covered flask. The story is told more fully in the French guide-books :

A prelate of Augsburg, on a pilgrimage to Rome, sent forward his servant with orders to mark every tavern where the wine was good, with the word *est*, in large letters of chalk. On arriving at this hotel, the monk saw the signal thrice written over the door, *est! est! est!* He put up his mule, and drank of Montefiascone till he died. His servant wrote his epitaph, which is still seen in the church of St. Florian :

Propter minium est, est,  
Dominus meus mortuus est.

*Est, est, est!* is the motto upon the sign of the hotel to this day.—“*Pencillings by the Way*,” N. P. Willis, *Esq.*, vol. i., letter vi.

“Such a narrow neck,” said I, “is good for a wide throat.”

My old parasite now tasted a few drops, then he appeared absorbed in thought, and screwed up his face, as long and as pointed as if he were going to draw it through the eye of a needle; closing one of his visual organs, and holding the glass high over his mouth, he spun out a long golden thread, as if the wine had been turned into macaroni, until he had sucked out the last little drop. Then smacking his lips and rolling his tongue about, like a French fencing master with his foils, as he tries them first with a few bends, to see that they are in proper order, he began to chatter away:

A beautiful donna, she that was drowned! Did you not know the young Marchesa Ponelli, who lived in the *Piazza Serlupi*? Holy Mary! what will Luigi, the marquis, say? But why in the name of goodness did he marry a Jewess? What is your opinion, Signore, that a few drops of the holy baptismal water can wash out the whole of the Jewish slime all of a sudden? If I am now speaking heresy in my simplicity, it must be innocent heresy. However, the Marchese Luigi is an excellent nobleman; for he has composed

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great number of canzonetti for me, which I disposed of as readily as if they had been new baked bread, or young Jesuits. But can any man drive his head through the wall, or confine a pigeon upon the roof of a house, or a young woman in her own room? Have you ever seen the one in the glass case with a lemon in her hand? But the Jews are a detestable people, and if the wicked one wants to bring a young fellow into trouble, he appears in the shape of a beautiful girl, or perhaps as a Jewish maiden. And for this reason are the Jews accursed. Now when the poor people in Rome are suffering from hunger, and when thousands are calling upon the Holy Father for bread, you will always see a number of them, who are speaking about the Jews in the *Ghetto*, and then the outcry is at once raised against that miserable nation. The excitement takes away the people's appetite. It was thus two years ago, during the Passion week, when my inside was rattling and grumbling like an old Jewess. Ahi! things went on merrily in the Jewish town. Then you heard those dirty looking long-beards, and the jaundiced-coloured women with their children, screaming out exactly like it was at the destruction of Jerusalem;

but I was not there, for it happened you know under the emperors. The Roman people sang the song of the chasing of the Jews. Did you ever hear it Signore?—here it is—oh yes! this is it—the price is only four Bajocchi.

Then the guitar-player sang out in excited tones :

*“ Del furor la tromba squilla  
Senti il popol, come strilla !  
Vuol vendetta con gli Ebrei,  
Congli Scribi e Farisei.*

*“ Dove siete gente sporche,  
Son già pronti palchi é forche,  
Non vi giovano pianti  
A impiccarvi tutti quanti.”*

[To arms ! the stirring trumpet cries ;  
In madden'd throngs the people rise !  
Revenge, revenge ! as one they cry ;  
The Jews, Scribes, Pharisees must die.

Vile nation ! grov'ling in the clay ;  
Away, ye are the scaffold's prey !  
Our vengeance shall unsheath the sword ;  
O'er Jews our fury shall be pour'd.]

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Upon this occasion (he continued) they happened to drag out an old Jew into the street. He held in his hands a valuable neck chain of costly jewels set in gold, which he grasped so firmly as though his skinny fingers had grown fast to it; when suddenly he received from a lusty blacksmith such a tremendous blow in the beard, that the flax of it flew about, and the golden chain fell out of his hand. But the Jew cried out; "may the chain be cursed from midnight to midnight; may it destroy every person adorned with it; may it be cursed like the devil's own money, like a coupler and Asmodeus!" After that, the old man fell down dead in the street. But just as this occurred, his daughter, who had hitherto remained concealed, threw herself upon him and screamed loud enough to frighten the roofs from the houses. Now, the girl being young and beautiful, some of the young fellows in the crowd, as night was coming on, wished to lay hold of her; but they were soon obliged to desist, for this delicious apple had not been roasted for them.

Luigi, passing by chance at that moment through the *Ghetto*, was attracted to the spot by the screams and tumult. Fighting his way through the crowd,

he made a passage for himself; but scarcely had he entered the circle, where the crowd was battling for the girl, than they immediately ceased and drew back, seeing he was a nobleman. No sooner did the maiden observe this, than she flung herself down at his feet, clasped his knee, and hung upon him like a sea crab, saying, "Oh sir! save me from these murderers. Although I am only a poor Jewess, at least have compassion upon a miserable orphan!"

The young men cried out, "We only want to baptise her, and make a Christian of her." But Luigi pushed these kind Christians aside, took the Jewess under the cover of his large Carbonaro cloak, and pressed through the crowd with her out of the *Ghetto*. Ah! what noble people noble-men are!

He went on in this manner through several streets with his charge, till he arrived at the church of the Holy *Caterina de' Funari*, where he began to consider what he should do with his adopted orphan, and to think where she should pass the night. The church door was open; he turned round to the girl, and said; "It will not be proper for me to take you into my palace without making

some inquiries about you, for my mother is a Christian, and you are a Jewess ; but I will beg of her to keep you for one night, and to-morrow you can return to the quarter of the Jews again."

" Oh ! my father !" said the girl, " My father ! they murdered him, and now I have nobody in this wide world to take care of me."

Now, as she spoke the Italian language with a strong foreign accent, which caused her to make a little round mouth, Luigi asked her, " Are you a Roman Jewess ?"

" We only arrived yesterday from Spain," replied the girl. " My father was a rabbi at Saragossa, and came here in order to console Israel in slavery at Rome. Alas ! and now he is murdered ! Oh, God of my fathers, and my God !"

" What is your name, my poor child ?"

" My name is Leah," replied the girl. " Oh, sir ! let me go back to my father, that I may die near him."

Luigi, still more affected by this lamentation, said to her, " If you do not object to it, enter this church ; I will return to the *Ghetto* and take care of your father's corpse, and then come back immediately to you."

With such, or similar words to these, they ascended the steps and entered the church. There, before the altar, burns the eternal lamp; the penance money for the purification of souls supplies the oil. For this reason, it was rather light in the church; only altars and pictures, nothing else was there, but those two. Luigi conducted the Jewess to the altar, and desired her to sit down there. Now that was a very great sin, for which, no doubt, he was obliged to do penance upon his bare knees at the holy steps of the Lateran.

It is said, that there, at the altar, the Jewess suddenly fixed her large black eyes upon the Marchese, that he was from that moment burning with love for her. What wonderful eyes some people must have! Dog's eyes; horse's eyes; cat's eyes; fish's eyes; hen's eyes; but no crab's eyes; for crabs have their eyes, like hungry people, in their bellies. Nine eyes are the best—witch's eyes the worst. But the Jewess had coal black witch's eyes, with which she could light up the torch of love.

If such a beautiful witch looks at you with her wicked eyes, immediately press your thumb

between your fore and middle fingers ; that is a preventive against the sorcery of love. But my Jewess, whom I left at the altar, wrapped herself in the cloak, sat down in front of the altar and remained alone, whilst the poor Luigi, like a stricken deer, ran from one street to another.

After the lapse of a half, or probably a whole hour, he came back to his Jewess, and brought her the information, that the body of her father had already been buried in the cemetery of the Jews. At this communication, it is said, Leah struck her forehead against the marble slab of the altar, in so violent a manner, that the impression is still to be seen there to the present day. But it cannot be true ; for that would have been a miracle ; however, Luigi had great difficulty to tranquillise the beautiful Leah. An upright man might as well have a regular plague to contend with, as to have any thing to do with an obstinate woman. Ah, sir ! you ought to have known my wife Peppina ; she would have done a great deal worse ; for when Luigi brought his Jewess to his mother, it is said, that she curtsied in a very polite manner to her, kissed the hem of her garment, and spoke in a most affecting tone these

words, "Generous Marchesa, most noble, exalted patroness, you appear to me to be compassionate, like the sun, which shines as warmly over good Catholics as over Heretics, Jews, Heathens, Moors and Turks; and thus I supplicate you, send down upon me a ray of your mercy and refresh me with your benevolence!"

Here the old bombastical narrator took a pinch of snuff, saying:

If she did not utter these very words, it is nevertheless quite certain, that the Marchesa said to her: "You must become a Christian; and Saverio, the pious monk, shall instruct you in the doctrine of Christianity, or else your soul will inevitably be damned for ever. But now my dear, get you into your bedroom, and have a good night's rest!"

From that evening the beautiful Jewess remained with the Marchesa, and was instructed in the duties of a Christian, every forenoon by the pious brother Saverio, who was a youthful friend of the Marchesa, and of noble family; and in the afternoon, the Marchesa, took that trouble upon herself; so that in a very short time, Leah was as clever and knew almost as much as the Holy Virgin herself.



Now Luigi wished also to preach sermons to the Jewess, in order to convert her to Christianity, but his mother, it is said, always prevented him. However, when the Marchesa observed, that, notwithstanding all her watchfulness, Luigi was still always with the Jewess, like the needle in the compass box, then she placed her finger upon the tip of her nose, and by degrees she came to the following conclusion:—that a young nobleman ought to see a little of the world, to visit foreign cities and states, and above all, should know how to conduct himself as a gentleman.

By the assistance of her confessor, she managed to procure for Luigi an honourable and important charge as extraordinary envoy from his Holiness to the court of Sicily.

The Marchese took leave with sorrowful and melancholy looks, for love had mastered his wits and turned him about like an ape dressed up in a red jacket, dancing upon a shaggy bear. Now so soon as he heard the pope's whistle, he could not do otherwise than attend to it; but his mother, when she bade him good bye, said to him: "Luigi, never forget that you are a marquis; always have your gold snuff box in your hand;

for it sets off the white lace ruffles so. If you wish to make conquests among women, always begin with the old, the young ones naturally come nibbling after them of their own accord. And now here are your pills, which have always done you good, whenever you have had an indigestion."

Here her voice was stifled by tears.

He pressed his mother to his bosom, looking upwards at a little white handkerchief which was waving from a window. There was the beautiful Leah, with weeping eyes ; he kissed his hand and waved it towards her. He then stepped into the carriage and was out of sight in a minute.

He had already been occupied transacting the business of his sovereign at the court of the viceroy of Sicily, for three whole months ; but no sooner had he removed one difficulty, than something of a weightier consideration was brought forward ; for it is asserted, that the extraordinary affairs he was engaged in, formed merely a pretext to remove him from Rome ; and there he was stuck fast, like a bird in a cage—he might sing as loudly as he choose, he could not get away.

Besides this, he was so unwell, that he was obliged to send to Rome for one box of pills after

the other ; still he continued ill, for his remedies were only intended to cure the stomach, and his disease was seated farther towards the left side.

Now, if he had only asked me, and had used the means I mentioned against wicked looks, I am certain he would never have been indisposed.

Well, whilst he was wandering about in this manner in Palermo, ill humoured and in ill health, at last one of the courtiers had compassion upon him, and said "What is the reason your Excellency stops here? The business upon which you have been sent, has not advanced for the last three centuries, and I have no doubt, it will be just as forward at the end of the world. Now this extraordinary business, is nothing more nor less, than a quiet moderate punishment which our courts adopt, in order to moderate the ardour of our hot headed youth. But my dear friend, if you inform against me, for having imparted this communication to you, I must be considered a fool for so doing, as I shall certainly be punished."

Luigi promised most solemnly not to say a word upon the subject, and left Palermo instantly, flying like a ball shot from a cannon ; I mean he obtained leave of absence on account of continued indis-

position. He arrived at Rome just as his mother was drinking a cup of chocolate in the company of her confessor. When Luigi entered the apartment, the shock was so sudden, and the fright so great, that the cup of chocolate which she had at the moment brought to her mouth, fell from her hand upon the ground.

There, sir, you see how every particular is known to me ; all this, and more if you like, for three scudi.

Luigi's first question was, "Where is Leah?"

"She is no longer called by that name," said the Marchesa. "She has been baptised, and is become as one of us—a very pious religious girl! She is now a Christian, and her name is Catherina."

"Catherina?" said Luigi. "Where is then Catherina?"

The good looking monk smiled in a friendly manner, and said, "Rejoice, my dear friend; she is in a convent, and is now a novice."

"In what convent? perhaps *alle quattro fontane*?"

"Exactly!" replied Saverio.

Without a moment's delay, just like a bird

picking sweet berries, Luigi flew to the convent. He sent up his name to the abbess, and demanded permission to hold a short conversation before the iron grating, with the novice Catherina.

“You mean sister Catherina?” asked the porteress.

“Yes, yes,” replied Luigi; and with solemn pace, the fat little figure proceeded up the steps.

After a short absence, she returned and conducted the love-sick Luigi into the parlour.

“Wait a few moments,” said his conductor, “the pious Catherina will appear. Be not timid before her, and pour out your heart to her that she may be able to console you, that is to say, if your business with her is of a spiritual nature.”

With these words, she left the room. Luigi could scarcely breathe, such was his emotion at the prospect of again beholding his beloved; he pressed both his hands upon his heart, which beat as though it would burst. Then he began walking up and down the room with long strides, at length he sat himself down upon a seat which happened to be there, and stared at the pictures of the saints, which appeared to dance before his eyes like red and green flashes of light.

Allow me, sir, to ask you (interrupted the storyteller) have you ever had the love fever? if so, you know how the good Marchese must have felt, when he expected every moment to see his beloved Catherina again, and was contemplating with delight the offer he was going to make her of his hand and heart, and promised himself to be able to persuade her to change her vow of perpetual chastity for a temporal hood. At length he heard soft light footsteps approaching along the passage leading to the room. He jumped up; but as the door opened, and the tall veiled figure of the holy Catherina dressed all in white entered, he felt as though struck by a thunder bolt.

“What!” exclaimed he, “do I see thee thus again?” Grief overpowered his voice. “Wilt thou then make me eternally unhappy? Oh, Catherina! behold me at thy feet, I supplicate thee, give me thy heart and become entirely mine, as I have ever been thine, from the first moment I beheld thy adorable face in the church which bears thy name. Be not so silent, so dumb, so insensible. Listen to the words of thy imploring friend.”

The veiled figure began now to weep bitterly, and spake almost in a whisper; “Oh beautiful

gentleman, how can you tempt a holy pious sister thus ?”

Luigi sprang upon his feet, struck with horror at the sound of this voice, and exclaimed : “ I pray thee, unveil thy face !”

“ If you insist upon it,” said the figure, “ it must be so,” and exposed to the view of the trembling Luigi, an ancient withered face, dried up like a mummy.

“ You Catherina ?” exclaimed Luigi.

“ I have been thus called for the last six and fifty years. I was called Catherina before I pledged my vows to my heavenly bridegroom ; my name is still Catherina to this day ; and sir, let me tell you, Catherina is a very pretty, pious name.”

“ God knows that ! but tell me, is there not a novice in the convent called Catherina ?”

“ I had better not know of it,” continued the nun, “ I am here in this convent the only Catherina, and not the most unworthy sister.”

“ Well, I wish,” exclaimed Luigi, bursting with rage, “ I wish that an earthquake would this moment swallow up you, your convent, and all that belong to it.”

“ Oh ! you impious wretch, you imp of Satan !”

screamed the ancient lady, "did you come here to make me your sport? wait a moment, wait!"

With these words, she pulled the bell-rope which was hanging down from the ceiling in the middle of the room so violently, as though she wished to awaken the dead.

In the mean time, Luigi was convinced that it would not be so well for him to remain any longer, and rushed out at the door. He might well say that Fortune was on his side, for already the swarm of nuns, screaming with rage, pursued him, and books and bowls were mercilessly flung at his head, just as he unbolted the gate, and rushed through into the street.

Ahi! Ahi! that was like blowing into the hole of a bee-hive. Luigi ran on through the butcher's market, past the Spanish square, and over the *Corso*, through a thousand streets and alleys, till he arrived at his own palace. But, when he got there, he sank down quite exhausted.

His servants carried him up to bed; there he remained quiet till about midnight, when he began to rave, and only spoke of Saverio, who had, he said, conjured his Leah into an old grey cat, and shut her up in a convent; so that his people began

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to be dreadfully frightened. On the seventh day the fever moderated; but now his madness took another turn; he intreated the saints to take him out of this life.

The poor old marchesa was almost broken-hearted; her breakfast stood upon the table, but she pushed aside the tender veal cutlet garnished with slices of lemon and the roasted fowl. She could only eat a couple of anchovies with a little bread and butter, after which she drank merely a small glass of liqueur; and then immediately ordered her post-chaise and her fan.

In the meantime, Luigi had already inquired several times for his mother; at length, towards evening, she returned, and went in to see him.

He spoke in a very exhausted tone of voice, "Dearest mother! you, who have ever been so kind to me from the first moment when I, unhappy man, was born—yes, dear mother! I feel that I must soon pay the tribute which Nature claims! I feel that I am dying! Now, as I should like to go to heaven, do pray send for Saverio that he may give me the holy sacrament."

Although his mother could scarcely speak for weeping, yet she endeavoured to console him. But

Luigi continued to utter in dying strains, "Ah mother! my time is fixed, I am going."

Then suddenly the marchesa tore herself away from him, and drew towards him a veiled female figure, which had been standing in the opened doorway, placing her at the bedside of the sick man, saying, "Here is another person with whom you must shake hands before you leave us."

The youth raised himself up at these words. The Benedictine Novice threw back her veil, and with a cry of joy he sprang into her arms.

"May the Holy Virgin and the blessed Catherina bless you, my children," exclaimed the old lady; "make each other happy, and never let me have to repent having done thus much for you."

Next morning Luigi was—behold, sir, the power of love!—quite well and happy, dancing and singing like a bird in the merry month of April when building its nest.

The guitar-player ceased here, and drank off the remainder of the Orvieto wine, making a melancholy sly face, saying, "Signore, the wine was good, and that was my story!"

"Nothing further?" said I.

"No," replied he, in his phlegmatical manner,

and gaped like a lazy lown; "nothing, only that the Marchese Luigi married his young marchesa exactly a year and a day ago; but this morning the young marchesa was fished up by a fisherman out of the river. You saw them carrying away the corpse."

"And how much have you added of your own invention to this story of love?" asked I.

"Signore," replied the player, "only as much butter as was necessary to make the macaroni palatable."

"Is there no conjecture how it happened that she was drowned?" asked I again.

"Conjecture, yes, but no reason! no reason! Who knows? who knows? Women have hot blood. Ah, sir! you ought to have known my Peppina when she was young, as wild as a young colt; but I could tell you how to manage them. Do you wish to know, sir?"

"Here is a scudo for your trouble," said I; "you shall have two more scudi, if you can furnish me with the denouement of this affair."

The old fellow nodded his head, snapped his fingers, and sneaked out at the door.

"Oh!" said Robert, "I understand, the mar-

these soon got tired of her, and the remainder terminated in the real Italian style."

"Falsely guessed!"

"Well, then, come finish the story," exclaimed they all.

"No! you shall enjoy this little story in the true Italian style. Probably you are aware of the circumstance, that in Italy there is a class of people who gain a livelihood by narrating stories to the idle populace upon the quays or in the open market places. But, when the curiosity of the crowd is excited to the highest pitch, then the narrator sends round his cap, in order to collect the voluntary offerings of the crowd. When he has succeeded in so doing, the rascal runs off, and calls out—to-morrow! to-morrow! It is in vain for the people to catch hold of the narrator; he tears himself away and vanishes. Till to-morrow, therefore, my dear fellows—to-morrow!"

With these words John took up his cap, made his bow, and bade them good even.

The following evening, the friends again met, in order to hear the end of the story ; but John had not arrived. Robert was mechanically turning over the leaves of a volume of Shakspeare which was lying upon the table. He was thinking, that as long standard poles are fixed in large rivers, with figures painted upon them, in order to ascertain the state of the tide at every hour, so in like manner, Shakspeare ought to be placed in the stream of time, in order that the productions of every epocha might be measured from his standard. So long as a nation had no taste to see history or character represented upon the stage, there could not exist among that people anything either worth recording in history, or a character worthy of being handed down to posterity.

“That Shakspeare is a wonderful being !” exclaimed Egidi, the painter. “Sometimes he appears to me as the living Spirit of the North Sea. The water fiend with a little red cap upon his head, now waltzing round and round in loud bursts of laughter with the dolphins, diving up and down with his head above, his head below the waves, like a little wild, mad, good-for-nothing child, squirting water over the faces of the playful

nymphs : then suddenly, he becomes hypochondriacal, letting his long hair run down upon his face, covering his forehead with his hand, and muttering melancholy, unintelligible sounds, addressed to supernatural beings in the depths below ; but then again suddenly he bursts out wild and maddened, tossing up the waves heavenwards, and casting the sportive ships which he meets in his way upon the rocks, drowning every man and mouse on board. Immediately again he appears to repent the creation of this monster, and with uplifted hands, compassionately bears a poor little fisher boy to a delightful island, and marries him there to some beautiful princess ; sometimes he also puts on a sunday humour, sailing over the sea like a gallant, dressed in a red, aristocratical, velvet mantle, flaming with jewels, and a beautifully curled head of hair and such enchanting mustaches, that even the oldest sea-nymphs anxiously sigh at his feet. Then again in the clear July nights, in love to his very toes, with harp in hand, panting over to Italy, drawing after him the whole starry hosts of heaven, which, throwing off their dark veil, descend with him into the lowest depths, and just as rapidly flee again in terror, when

the wicked sprite, casting away his mantle, his crown and his harp; again appears like a jolly, true-born sailor, merry and drunk with grog, swears, tears wit to tatters, and utters inconceivable fooleries. Oh, wonderful water-fiend of the North Sea! thy name must be Shakspeare!"\*

"Oh wonderful Egidi," exclaimed the doctor, "thy name shall be Enemy of Novels! But as for me, I dearly love the joyful amphibii, who live equally as well in the waters of reflection, as upon the continent of circumstance. I love the lands of the interior! I praise novels! and here comes one still unprinted, with his spectacles upon his nose!"

John was just then entering at the door.

\* The enthusiastic monologue of the German student upon the extent, the versatility, and the creative nature of the genius of our Shakspeare, is not an exaggerated picture; for an English poet has already said of him, that

"Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;  
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast."

“Come, sit down,” said Robert, “and tell us your story. It is a most detestable novel, but never mind, relate it to us!”

“I should be ashamed to be a good writer of novels,” said John, “and I intend therefore to tell you this story, without any artificial embellishments, exactly as it happened, and as it was told to me.”

The friends listened attentively, and John began :

The whole of that day I could think of nothing but of the corpse which had been carried past me in the morning. A thousand different conjectures tormented my brain. In vain did I attempt to regain my scattered thoughts, which seemed mournfully to follow the drowned body, by going to examine those splendid specimens of art, the marble statues in the Vatican. Each Venus, each Diana, with her beautiful slank marble limbs, appeared metamorphosed into the dead Catherina.

In the evening I could not remain in my chamber, I was obliged to go forth into the open air. I went through the Capitol, down into the Forum ; but the voice of ancient history, which, at other times, I could almost distinctly hear from every stone there, was that day silent.



I passed by the foot of the Palatine, as far as the triumphal-arch of Titus. In the clear moonlight, I could still perceive the seven branched candlesticks from the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, cut in marble, and mingled with other Roman triumphal emblems. High over head was seen glimmering in the dusk, the immense Colosseum with its free-stone pillars. An entire nation without a home, the Jewish, had constructed this theatre under the lash of the whip of the masters of the world !

Unhappy people ! which, from the earliest period of their history, have scarcely had sufficient time to rejoice in any country of their own, till they had finished building up a temple for their Jehovah, and have been driven about, both in ancient and modern times, till the present hour.

The mighty Rome, threatening destruction to the world, with its consuls, its tribunes, and its Cæsars, might sink down exhausted into the womb of time ; but Ahasverus still continues to exist, lends millions to kings, sits with them in the council, and barter with old rags at the corners of streets—but never begs.—These were my thoughts, and then once more they returned to the poor Leah-Catherina.

I again entered the new city, through streets and courts, and all at once found myself standing before the little church of *St. Catarina de' Funari*. Here was the spot whither Luigi had conducted the Jewish maiden he had saved. So spake I, going up the steps; and as the church door stood open, I went in. Opposite the altar, where I perceived the sombre shadow of a kneeling monk, apparently absorbed in prayer, was placed a coffin.

I approached noiselessly over the marble slabs of the church. A single lamp, hanging down by the altar, cast a gloomy, glimmering light upon the monk and open coffin. A muffled figure was now bending over the dead body, but I could not exactly distinguish its actions.

"If I am not deceived," said I, "Catherina is there before me! Her tender, youthful, pale countenance resting upon a white cushion, her black hair tied with white ribbons; there lies the being so deserving of compassion, so wonderfully beautiful, even in death!"

I could not avoid kneeling down in the shadow of the pillar against which I was standing, and uttering a prayer for the repose of the soul of the departed. It appeared to me at that moment

as though this woman had been my own loss; my only friend—yes, my sister. May God grant thee sweet slumber in the earth! flowers upon thy grave! cheerful dreams to thy soul! May the angel of love take thee in his arms and bear thee up, an eternally happy being, to the felicity of an immortal state!

At this moment the sombre figure near the coffin rose up. I perceived a youthful countenance apparently consumed with grief, and in the agony of despair.

“It must be,” said I, “it is Luigi!”

Now he raised up in his hand a glittering dagger, his eyes flashed like lightning. I sprang up in horror. Startled by the noise I had made, he quickly concealed his dagger, and sank down again upon the coffin. The monk at the altar now uttered in a low, spiritual, solemn manner, “Amen!”

I crept softly out of the church.

Could I now, my friends, describe to you what my feelings then were! This riddle appeared to me more and more intricate. It must have been the marchese! But wherefore this drawing out the dagger? What did those flaming eyes, those con-

vulsively compressed lips signify? What was the meaning of all this? This is what I asked myself, and endeavoured to give myself a satisfactory answer. That the memory of the white rose—of the departed Leah—would be stained blood-red, I felt convinced.

I placed all my hope upon the guitar-player, from whom I trusted to gain accurate information of the whole affair. After the lapse of several days, he came again to me.

“The two scudi are gained signore,” exclaimed he, “but do not betray me; for it is rumoured that the young marchesa was drowned in the Tiber through an act of carelessness. She has received Christian burial; if the clergy should ——” Here he drew up his roguish-looking mouth, and whistled. Then he continued:—

“For this reason, I dare not, honoured sir, relate the real circumstances connected with this tragical affair. You know I should be sent to ——”

I again placed two scudi upon the table, and asked him, “Will you, or will you not?” He fixed his eyes upon the money, turned himself round upon his heel, shut one eye, and then proceeded:—

“Our Roman stories have always a Spanish wall. If you look behind, you are certain to discover a tonsure.\*

You know, sir, that the pious monk Saverio, although a very young man, was the friend of the marchesa. But as love excuses no station, still less the poor monks, Saverio also became infected by it. I have already told you, that many people, without knowing it themselves, have the wicked look, and thus do an immense deal of mischief. Exactly in the same manner as the virtuous Catherina had set the young marchese in flames, so it happened now to the good Saverio.

It was in vain he learned by heart the sonnet of Petrarch, and recited it to the beautiful Catherina, in such tones that a poker would have melted into tears, Catherina remained unmoved. But, as the tempter always knows how to get over poor mankind, he soon discovered the weak point in the heart of the rigorous Catherina.

As she was one day passing under the archway of the *Strada de' Condotti*, where the goldsmiths

\* The Roman Catholic priests abroad have the crowns of their heads shaven, the bald part is called the tonsure.

dwell, she perceived in one of the windows a golden neck chain, set with green jewels. It was the identical ornament which had belonged to her father, and of which he had been plundered when he was murdered. Catherina was riveted to the spot ; she fixed her eyes upon the chain, and could not persuade herself to leave it. It appeared as if the green brilliant stones had bewitched all her senses, and pursued her with longing desire, even into her palace.

When women want to coax their husbands out of anything, how they can caress and flatter, till they have enticed from them the reluctant "yes."

But my Peppina cannot get over me in that manner ; as often as she is over-friendly, I get angry directly, for I know she then wants to get something out of me. But no, no ! it will not do. I am, however, still annoyed to think I was obliged to give her the scudo which I received from you the other day. It was not better with the poor marchese ! Was he not obliged to tramp all along the streets to the goldsmith's shop ? In the meantime the fitchew was already in the pigeon's nest ; for scarcely had he turned his back, than Saverio came to see the young marchesa.

Luigi soon returned with a melancholy countenance, and said, that the goldsmith would not sell the ornament under ten thousand scudi.

“Oh, my dearest Catherina,” said he, “I cannot command so much money at the present moment, for you know how much we spent last carnival.”

Catherina was inconsolable. She entreated, she wept, she caressed, she kissed her husband, but it was all in vain; for where there is no money, compassion must cease. But Catherina, as often as she could secretly get out of the palace, went and fixed herself opposite the goldsmith's window, and stood gazing with longing eyes upon the ornament and its green jewels! Now Signore, you know that there is a demon concealed in every jewel. Well, whilst she was looking at these little demons, they turned her heart inside out. When she returned home again, there she sat for hours absorbed in thought, and if any person spoke to her suddenly, she startled as though just awakened out of a dream. Her cheeks became pale, and her eyes were red with tears.

Yes, sir! you may believe me, that whenever a woman has set her mind upon anything, she must have her own way, whatever be the consequence.

My Peppina would have been exactly so, if I had yielded up the bridle to her management. Ah! I can easily fancy to myself poor Luigi, sitting down alone, pensive and melancholy, muttering to himself,—alas! if I were only at Messina, or there where the pepper grows! But, poor fellow, as he did not know what to do, he went to see his friend the monk Saverio, and represented to him in glowing terms, the dreadful state in which he was, and entreated him most anxiously to go and enliven his Catherina with the words of consolation and religion; or at all events to put her mind at rest, and to reprimand her for her folly.

Next morning, at the time when Luigi was usually absent from home, the monk came to Catherina. She was quite alone. Saverio took care to profit by this advantage, and began speaking of the beautiful golden ornament in the *Strada de' Condotti*.

“It is true,” said he, “a queen could not possess a more beautiful chain. What a brilliancy in those emeralds. It is impossible to take one’s eyes away from them; and how perfectly the stones are set. Such jewels might even seduce a saint to come down from heaven! A rich princess from



England, a cursed heretic, was yesterday bargaining for this magnificent chain."

Catherina sighed aloud.

"But I have saved it," said the monk, and held up the glittering treasure before the eyes of the fainting Catherina.

"Oh!" exclaimed Catherina, "I would willingly die, if that chain could once more be mine—for one hour only!"

"Heavenly woman! sole delight of my whole soul, listen, and this chain shall be your own! Yes, it is yours already!"

Catherina was almost mad with joy. Now she pressed the chain, then the monk, to her bosom; till at length all her senses appeared to vanish.

Do you not think we ought to put all the women together, and my Peppina along with them, into a lottery, so that we might win them altogether, and then have the choice of one among them, or a blank? Only consider, sir! When Luigi returned home, there he found the sanctified Saverio sitting at a modest distance from the now happy Catherina, reading aloud a pious and affecting legend from a little book. As for Catherina, there she sat near the window, like a beatified saint, with holy cast-

down eyes, and copying the head of a penitent Magdalena. The countenance of his dear wife had not expressed such a pious cheerfulness and serenity for a long time before. Oh ! how happy he was, and how heartily he thanked his clerical friend for the spiritual assistance he had afforded, and which had produced so visible an effect upon his Catherina.

He seized hold of the monk's hand, pressed it with heartfelt gratitude, and begged of him with tears in his eyes, to continue reading his pious exhortation, whilst he seated himself near his beloved Catherina, and impressed upon her cheek a gentle kiss, as though she had been some holy relic ; but Catherina was so gracious, so irresistible, her voice so harmonious, that every husband must have felt enchanted and delighted to possess such a sweet little dove.

My Peppina was precisely the same, particularly after having done any thing wrong, just like a kitten, after breaking a cream jug. Oh yes, sir ! she would always contrive very nicely, with the ten commandments written in her face, but the one she had broken was always concealed under the thumb of her left hand.

But now, pay attention! Whilst the pious Saverio was reading aloud, and Luigi was playing with the ring upon his wife's finger, the goldsmith from the *Strada de' Condotti* entered. The good looking monk smiled sarcastically, but the marchese turned deadly pale, or perhaps red—it is all the same to us.

The goldsmith, addressing himself to the monk, said, "Holy brother, it is very lucky that I find you here; you can now assist me in finally concluding this bargain."

After that he turned round to the marchese, saying, "Well, your Excellency, you wish then to keep the magnificent gold chain? You do quite right; for you will never again find anything so splendid at so moderate a price. *Per Bacco!* If I had only money to throw away, I would keep this treasure myself; I would not sell it for the title of a count. Look at the workmanship of the gold and jewels, you do not see such work turned out at the present day. Benvenuto Cellini could not have set the stones better!"

Catherina was more dead than alive.

Luigi replied, "My dear sir, it is true I did lately make you an offer for your most valuable

chain, but since then I have decided differently. My Catherina no longer desires to become possessed of it ;—but, sir, allow me to tell you that I think you are taking a very great liberty to enter gentlemen's houses in this manner to obtrude your wares upon them !”

The goldsmith was rather angry, and stared with astonishment ; in fact, he began to look suspiciously around him, saying, “ Well then, your Excellency, please return me my chain, and we will not say another word upon the subject.”

Catherina sat in her arm chair, mute, and as white as chalk, pressing her hands between her knees ; but the monk continued to read his book, apparently with the greatest composure.— The goldsmith related all this to me, word for word.

“ I know nothing about your chain !” replied Luigi.

“ How ?” exclaimed the goldsmith, “ if noble-men are not ashamed of such vile stratagems, what is a tradesman to do ? But here—turning to the monk—here is my guarantee ! I shall look to you alone.”

“ And you certainly do quite right,” replied the monk, tranquilly, and in a friendly tone ; “ if you

had addressed yourself to me in the first instance, you would not have been under the necessity to have caused so much trouble and anxiety to his Excellency. Yes, my good sir, I acknowledge that I entreated you to entrust me with the chain, or rather, I begged you would do so, in order that I might show it once more to this excellent marchesa, and thus perhaps eventually enable you to conclude your bargain; but the price you offer it at is too high, and the marchesa does not wish to keep the chain."

"Very well; but all that is nothing to the purpose," replied the goldsmith; "I beg you will restore me my chain."

There sat Catherina, absorbed in deep meditation. In vain did Luigi ask her in what place she had concealed the chain, he received not a word in answer to his inquiries; but the monk spoke—

"Be quiet! you will find the chain in the drawer, on the left hand side of yonder little chest."

Luigi drew out the drawer, and there was the chain. The marchesa uttered a loud scream, as though her soul would have parted from her body. Luigi, with a shake of the head, returned the chain to the goldsmith, and he received it, likewise

skaking his head, and immediately left the palace, accompanied by the virtuous Saverio.

“My dearest Catherina!” Luigi entreated of her, “Oh tell me, why you are so sad for such a bauble; perhaps next month I shall be receiving a large sum of money—and then, yes then, you shall certainly have the chain. How could I see my love suffer thus! Come now, you little foolish thing—come be reasonable.”

But Catherina pushed him from her, and exclaimed, “Do not touch me; I am worse than one with the plague spot, worse than a leper. Alas! I am a miserable creature, an outcast! and then she threw herself down upon the ground, tore out her hair, and screamed aloud, tormented by the reproaches of her conscience; then again she wept and sobbed; but the moment Luigi attempted to cheer her up, she began to rave anew. My Peppina would do exactly the same thing, only I have a capital remedy for her. In the palace, however, it turned out much worse. As night approached, Catherina called the monk a devil, her seducer! Till at length Luigi rushed out of the room like one possessed of an evil spirit, and cried out to his domestics to get out of his way.

“Take care of yourselves,” said he “that I do not run you through! Fasten a board over my eyes! Oh! Jupiter were you really a bull when Europa rode upon you? and had you horns like a bull?”

Do you know the beautiful statue of that heathen Jupiter with his Europa? Is it not in the Vatican?

Well, Luigi was meditating upon just such another statue. However, he soon became quiet, and withdrew into his private prayer-chamber, shutting the door after him and locking himself in. About midnight something knocked very softly at his door and moaned bitterly. But Luigi bit his fists and remained still. When he came out of his room the next morning, pale and care-worn, a servant informed him, that the marchesa had disappeared. How she was found again, you have yourself been an eye-witness!

“There,” said the old musician smiling, “I have now kept my promise!”

I rewarded him, and he departed silently, when he saw how melancholy his story had made me.

I have now only to add, that a few weeks after the above occurrence, it was early in the spring, I accompanied a countryman to the *Monte Pincio* not

far from the *Villa Medici*. Here and there a few trees smiled upon us, like young maidens in their new attire, and the *libernum* graciously waved its golden feathers. Cheerful boys were culling prim-roses and blue-bells upon the green slope of the hills. On our left hand we beheld the whole city of Rome with her palaces, her churches, and monasteries, extending her thousand streets and alleys afar on every side; and appearing like a happy child humming a tune, the sound of which was softly wafted towards us by the breeze. High up in the azure sky an invisible lark was cheerfully warbling its soul-cheering notes. I was in such excellent spirits, that I should liked to have hailed the whole human race at once, with the words: "This day is Christ risen, He has reclaimed us; now we are again become brothers!"

But my joyous feelings were very soon cooled, as at some distance, upon the spot whence you can overlook the whole of the *Piazza del Popolo*, I observed two long-legged Englishmen, standing with their quizzing glasses frozen firmly on to their eyes, and my heart sank deep into my breast.

My companion, who probably read my thoughts upon my countenance, said, laughing, "Only look



yonder at those truly English national individuals, with their short noses, long chins, and open mouths, in which one can always see the white gratings of their teeth, behind which the poor English language is penned up, turning and twisting itself discontentedly about, scarcely daring to venture its paw outside. And yet, perhaps, there is no people so full of poetical ideas as the English !”

“The Englishman,” replied I, “is a spoiled Child of History—melancholy, magnificent, and whimsical, like the North Sea, his nurse ; deeply reflective, like his mother, the Solitary Great Island ; but also egotistical and hard-hearted, like his rich uncle, the Commerce of the World, in whose counting house he is ever occupied.”—

Whilst we were thus drawing comparisons, we continued our course onwards, till we also arrived at the spot whence we could overlook the *Piazza*. This “place of the people,” as it is called, is likewise used as a place for the execution of criminals, and I have more than once witnessed those horrible spectacles. It was on that spot I saw two Roman Carbonari lose their heads and their lives under the guillotine. The two criminals died like heroes of the old Roman school.

This time the place was again filled with curious gapers ; but from the midst of the crowd the high scaffolding of the guillotine was conspicuous. The malicious axe appeared ready to pounce upon its prey, like a hungry viper. The tumult of the crowd increased. The criminal—a tall thin man, walked up the steps, between two holy brothers of the inquisition, closely muffled up in their black cloaks, and muttering their prayers as they approached the horrible engine of destruction. I thought the figure had been familiar to me during some period of my life.

He now stepped up to the block and knelt down—everything swam before my eyes ;—I turned myself round.—I felt as though a sword had been thrust through my inmost soul ;—a hollow-sounding blow was heard ; I started up. The reverend brothers of the inquisition, and all the people cried aloud, “ Holy Mary ! pray ! pray, for the poor soul ! ”

I stood fixed to the spot, as if a thunder-bolt had struck me dead. The whole world was to me at that moment, so indifferent, such a miserable, wretched futility, that I could have wished to die myself. The old musician just then passed me, and placed a printed bill in my hand. It was

the report of the trial and condemnation of the criminal.

I did not cast a look upon it till I had reached home ; but how horrified was I, when the words, "The Marchese Luigi Ponetti," struck my eyes ! Yes, it was that unhappy man who had bowed down his head under the axe of the offended laws. In this report the circumstances were detailed in a few words.

"On the fifteenth day of April of the present year, Luigi entered the Benedictine convent of M. . . . . and requested to speak with the pious brother Saverio. The latter came to him, and both went into the garden of the convent, walking up and down for some time. In this garden, among other saints, was also a small marble statue of Saint Catherine. When they had arrived opposite to this spot, Luigi Ponetti threw down the monk, and stabbing him with a dagger, inflicted three mortal wounds, two through the heart and one in the scull, so that the unfortunate Saverio yielded up his life immediately. The other monks, upon hearing the scuffle, hastened to the spot, and were struck with horror when Luigi, holding up the bloody instrument of death, quietly surrendered

himself their prisoner. Having acknowledged his crime, he had been unanimously condemned to death by the tribunal of the high court of justice."

A few days after this melancholy event, I quitted Rome, deeply affected.—This, my friends, is the Italian Novel!

HELENA VALLISNERIA.

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A SKULL was standing upon the table. The doctor raised it up to the lamp, saying, "I have never seen a more perfectly formed death's-head! How straight the back part of the head rises and the fore part of the cranium extends itself in so wonderful a manner, that nearly the whole of the circle of the head is concealed by it. Here, in a direct line, is the bone of the nose, and the mouth is placed unusually far back—and how fresh those little white teeth are! It is the greatest wonder of all skulls! and almost as great a wonder that I should find it! I was just walking through the church-yard—my usual walk of penitence—when the grave digger cast it up out of a newly-made grave. Here, my friends, examine it minutely—it is a masterpiece of the Creator, and such a skull you do not see every day!"

John took the skull, and held it up to the light, examining it with attention. He was sitting in

an easy-chair, reclining backwards, so that his large brilliant eyes shone like diamonds through the dark shade.

In mild and almost invisible convulsions, ideas were rapidly succeeding each other in his mind. He looked into the eye-holes of the skull and appeared absorbed in deep meditation, at length he exclaimed :

“ Oh ! thou bony abode of thought ! Whither is it vanished, that mysterious world of spirits, which played riot within thee ? Thou little wonderful vessel, in which a whole universe, heaven and earth existed—speak ! what magic spell sat within thy circle, directing and executing thy commands ? Say ! whither is it gone, the omnipotent Being which heretofore lie within thee between sound and light ! and created worlds, and new gods, and itself ? Where is it ? Wherefore do thy eyeless holes stare thus fixedly upon me ? and wherefore grins thy fleshless face thus horribly at me—that countenance which formerly shone with the sweetest smiles of spring and beauty ? Art thou only the empty case of an air-balloon, from which the gas, which bore it upwards over heaven and earth has escaped ? Glorious, beauteously-formed offering

cup of supplicating humanity, so worthy of compassion! why tremblest thou in my hands? I saw a mad harp player, who fumbled in his heart-rending silent manner for the strings of his broken lyre—am I not so myself?

“But to whatever human being thou mightest have belonged, thou art now sacred to me, like a keep-sake, in which God has declared himself to me! How many beauteous dreams, like flowers with gay, deep calices, may have blossomed in this little garden of God! Yes, I see you still—ye beautiful, humid, glittering pupils, ye bright reflectors of the world! yes, I see you still—how ye repose, still luminous as the sun, under the large, dark eye-lashes, after having enraptured all hearts and sensations! Those delicate maiden cheeks again swell round, those sweet rosy lips pout once more, that slender oval of the chin, soft and white with slight dimples, again presses forward!—Nay! the all-merciful Being cannot destroy such a treasure! It moves! what is that?”

At these words, the skull fell from his hands.

The doctor took John by the arm, and said: “Have I not frequently warned you to beware of such excitement?”

John made no reply, but concealed his face in his hands. The doctor took up the skull again very carefully, and covered it with his handkerchief.

Erdman now began speaking to himself:

“The soul of man blossoms like a sea-lily over the kingdom of monsters, and an immeasurable depth, supported and nourished by air, light, and water. In a lovely manner does it open its flowers to heaven, whilst beneath it, hideous monsters sport and amuse themselves in frightful gambols. Look not down into the depths, for there below lies naught but horror!—and the roots of this beautiful plant often force themselves through the midst thereof!”

“I am only so far of your opinion,” replied Gotthold, “so long as you confine yourself to the incomprehensibility of the human soul; but this boundless limit, continually sounding with forebodings of immortality, and with holy feelings of spirituality, is a sufficient pledge to me, that a Psyche gently formed her wings in the rude case, in order to waft herself up to an everlasting immortal spring.—True it is, that the back-ground of our soul is overlaid with curious arabesque figures,

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like the gates of the Baptistery at Florence ; but whoever is able to interpret their signification, may faithfully rely upon viewing the Sanctum Sanctorum, which the said figures conceal. Yes, at this moment, it clearly shines out of the background, like the bright face of Moses appearing to announce to us, in prophetic words, the certainty of our fate in the promised land, which at some period we must enter. . . . .What is death, John ? when you see a river disappear under the earth, do you believe that its waters are lost for ever ? Now, good doctor, in God's name, just place this beautiful skull uncovered upon the table again ; what say you, John ?"

"I must certainly declare," said the doctor, "that the poor potter's Magdalen could never have imagined that she would be the subject of a long conversation so long after her death."

"Do you know anything very particular respecting this skull ?" asked Erdmann.

"Nothing more than that this skull, as the grave-digger assured me, belonged to the wife of a potter ; and that the woman was by birth a princess ; but how all this story is connected, God alone knows !"

The old huntsman, who was sitting in a corner cutting out a titmouse-trap, now slowly raised his grey head, and said :

“ I know by heart the story of the potter’s dark Magdalen. I was well acquainted with her myself, and knew her as well as I can see my left hand there before me. She was a dark, delicate looking woman, with large, brilliant eyes, and raven black hair. When she first arrived here in our little town every body laughed at her, and the street boys ran after her ; but afterwards, when a foreign gentleman, who often remained here several weeks in the summer season, declared her to be the most beautiful woman in the whole country, and at every glass of wine which he drank swore that he would maintain his assertion, and who at last lost his reason altogether through love of her—then people could not speak loudly enough in praise of the beautiful foreign lady. Certainly, no one could deny it, she was exactly like a wax candle ; and if you happened to fix her dark eyes, it seemed as though you could never take your sight from her again ——”

“ Now, just look at that old fellow,” interrupted Gotthold, “ I dare say he has looked at her me-

thodically ; and I will lay a wager, that he was as much in love with the beautiful potter's wife as any one else."

"How !" said the old man ; " I was then but a silly youngster, only twelve years old ! Besides, at that period, she could not even speak German so as to be understood."

"Never mind ; go on," exclaimed the doctor, " or rather begin to tell us your story."

Just outside the town—resumed the old huntsman—you may see, even to this day, a ruinous hut. Many years ago a potter resided there with his son, a cunning, audacious boy, and so much as was then known of him, he did nothing all day long but play his guitar, which he understood at all events better than turning his hand to his father's business. Scarcely had the old father closed his eyes, than this boy packed up his bundle, shut up the hut, and started off upon his wanderings through the world.

Wilm the Potter—the only name he went by—had been forgotten in this place, almost like the ephemeral existence of a summer butterfly in the winter, when all of a sudden, he returned with carriages and horses, and bringing a grand lady with him. He purchased the large red building

in the market place, and there he lived, like the rich man in the gospel.

The immense riches which Wilhelm had brought with him were not the only cause which so astonished the good people of his native town, and more particularly the women. It was principally the beautiful, dark woman, who with her wonderful curious customs, turned people's heads crazy. But to go on with my story.—

Wilm had erected a building in his yard, which was so beautiful that nothing could equal it in the world. The roof was painted blue, and ornamented with gilt balls and spires, glittering in the sun like a new altar chalice. Now, in this building was a single chamber, which was still more beautiful, although no windows were made in the walls, but only a round opening in the roof, so that the angels in heaven might be able to peep down through it, and rejoice at this glorious sight every hour in the day. He had this chamber painted by an artist from Dresden, with all sorts of grotesque figures, and all kinds of flowers, quite beautiful and gay; and besides this, he had various gilt ornaments worked by a goldsmith; and lastly, there was a curious door with gilt iron bars made by a locksmith.

All this was done so secretly, that we could gain no information from the work-people themselves, and were only able to ascertain the story from some of the neighbours, who from the roofs of their houses might perceive here and there something of what was going on, by looking down into his garden.

It was then universally spoken of, and certainly believed, that the king intended to come privately into our town, to pass the winter in quietness and peace, away from the toils of government affairs, and enjoy himself over a bottle of our best beer, and in a retired manner take up his abode with Wilm—who now all at once began to be considered a very great personage. It was for this purpose our good folks believed that the splendid building was erected. But what took place?—you could hardly believe it! One day Wilm, the rich man, started off into the country; after a few weeks he returned, and brought home a large white cow. They say that it certainly was a most splendid animal—well, we heard that the dark lady was beside herself for joy at the sight of this cow, and that she even fell upon its neck, embracing and kissing it.

See! that was the king for whom the fine

building in the garden had been built ; and now, nothing was talked of in the town but of the folly of building such superb stables for cows.

Among the foreign domestics that Wilm had brought with him was likewise a little English girl, who spoke German tolerably well, and with whom the son of the hotel-keeper had fallen in love. By means of this intermediate personage, we at length ascertained that the dark woman washed and fed her cow every day, and adorned its gilded horns with wreaths of flowers.

Now we immediately comprehended how Wilm had suddenly grown so rich ; for, that this cow was a fairy, and procured money for him, was not to be doubted. On the following Sunday, after this discovery, the parson stood up in the pulpit with a face as red as scarlet, and preached a sermon that his wig actually danced upon his head, and as was almost always the case, his voice could be better understood outside of the town than in the church itself. But, in this penitential sermon, he drew so lively a picture of Wilm and his wife that it was impossible to mistake them. We were ready to lay violent hands upon both of them.

At that time, I was the organ bellows blower,

and was up in the choir with the other musicians. The parson warned all the parish to beware of the devil's imp, which a short time ago, as a punishment for our sins, had crept into the town by means of a single lost sheep out of our midst. He threatened war and pestilence, if the Evil Spirit should continue to be any longer worshipped in the place in the shape of a white cow ; for, said he, that was exactly the same as the golden calf of the rebellious Israelites in the wilderness, which they worshipped with idolatrous dancing and sacrifices, only that this had now become a silver cow !——

That was adding fuel to the flames ! After service, old and young assembled before Wilm's house. Ah ! stones were flung against the windows—such screaming and hooting—we called out, “Thou devil's comrade, where art thou ! Come out, thou and thy black sorceress, and thy devil's cow !”

We heard loud weeping and lamentation inside the house ; all at once the door opened, and Wilm came out. I see him even now. He had his hands stuck in his pockets, and looked as tranquil and friendly as though he had just returned from

church. We were as silent as the dead when we saw him standing thus before us. But suddenly his face became overcast, and he spoke :—

“Is it thus you welcome your old schoolfellow and playmate, my friends? Did I return among ye with my wife in order to be ill treated by you? Wherefore are you so enraged against me? Have I ever turned one of you away from the threshold of my house? Have I ever injured one of you by word or deed? Let such a one step forth, in order that I may crave his forgiveness! Schoolfellows—friends and acquaintances of my father—speak! I am ready to settle all accounts, and to pay in honour whatever I am indebted to you. I see you in your Sunday clothes, and with prayer books under your arms; do you not come direct from the house of peace and of brotherly love, which we ought to hear preached there?”

“Well, I declare,” said the Doctor, interrupting the old Wolfgang, “one could never have expected to hear such a story from this grey-headed old fellow! Who would think that such an old fir tree could still blossom? Now tell us, how did you get hold of all these thoughts and these expressions?”



“Why,” replied Wolfgang, “I have heard the story related a thousand times, and have told it myself too, so you see it is very natural that I should know it by heart, word for word.”

“Observe, my friends,” said John, “this glance into the secret workshop of national legends !”

“Go on, go on !” exclaimed Erdmann.

The people after this discourse (continued Wolfgang) had again become still as mice, and everything was changed. But when, at this moment, the young, beautiful, dark lady appeared, wringing her hands, and uttering deep moans, then the women, for they were also there, began to weep likewise, and to reproach their husbands. The former comrades of Wilm stepped up to him, and as a proof of reconciliation, shook hands with him. They candidly told him how all this had happened, and how every body had taken offence against him. They begged he would explain to them for what reason he kept a fairy cow.

Upon this Wilm replied—

My dear neighbours and former friends, come around me, and listen to me !

I regret sincerely, that hitherto, and perhaps with great injustice, I should have considered it

necessary to have kept my life and actions a secret from you.—Wicked people have misconstrued this. But henceforth from this hour let there be nothing hidden between us. Lend me your attention for a short time !

Most of you knew me when a boy living among you. You must remember, that I departed after my father's death as poor as a church mouse, and went into foreign lands.

I first went to Hamburg. There I arrived without a farthing in my pocket, but hungry and perishing with cold ; still I was merry and careless. Thus I wandered through the streets. I was met by a gentleman, well dressed and good looking, and I was quite affected at his protestations of friendship for me, particularly when he asked me to accompany him, and when he led me into an inn and asked me what I should like to take. Such friendship I had never in my life experienced before. He swore eternal fidelity to me, and I to him ; upon which we both wept, like children. But still I could not conceive for what reason the hostess, every time she came in, made significant signs to me respecting my friend. I took no notice of them, and would not be disturbed in my appe-

tite, and as one glass of punch succeeded the other, I always found the last one best. At length night arrived. But as I was going to take my leave, to find out a lodging, my good friend would not hear of such a thing, but pressed me so earnestly to sit down for one little hour longer, and then to return with him to his own abode, that it was impossible for me to resist ; on the contrary, in my miserable condition, I was rejoiced to embrace his proposal. Whilst I was thus remaining sitting with him, he kept on pledging me with drink, and as I did the same to him, we agreed very well ; but at length I got dreadfully intoxicated ; however we did not break up till midnight, when we quitted the public house in order to proceed to his dwelling. He discharged the bill, and dragged me through one public street into another ;—bad as I was, I still remember that these ups and downs, ins and outs, appeared very strange to me. At length, when we turned round the corner of a dirty lane, all of a sudden a plaster was stuck over my mouth ; so rapidly was the operation performed, that the last words I was uttering were thrust down my throat. At the same time, three fellows, strong as oxen, seized hold of me and threw me on the

ground, where they bound and handcuffed me, and my good friend was kind enough to help them to drag me into a boat. They then proceeded, as fast as they could pull their oars, down the Elb. I could neither turn myself one way nor the other, for my hands and feet were so firmly bound, that the blood quite congealed. What I reflected upon at that moment, I know not myself. My eyes scanned the stars of heaven with inexpressible grief, to see if they could not discover the Almighty, who alone could help me out of my distress. At length the dawn of morning appeared, and now the sun rose so majestically and looked so beautiful, as if nothing but angels dwelt upon earth. We at last reached a large ship. I was hoisted up on board, like a bale of cotton, and stowed away in the hold, where I likewise found about thirty companions in misfortune, and was informed by them that we were fallen into the hands of a dealer in human beings. I threw myself down in a corner upon the straw and wept bitterly, although in my heart I was rejoiced that the plaster had been removed from my mouth, and my feet unbound. I never in my life prayed so fervently to God as I did at that time, and he

listened to me, for he has specially taken me under his protection.

When we were fairly out at sea, six of us were brought upon deck for an hour at a time ; when my turn arrived, I perceived my Hamburg friend. He informed me that he was a corporal of marines, serving on board this ship, and further, he told me that I had now the honour of being a brave English soldier, and that I was just about sailing for the East Indies, where I should have an opportunity of earning laurels and glory, by fighting against the Marahatta Indians. As he now gave me a bottle of rum and a silver dollar, I became reconciled to him, as well as to my fate.

I will not trouble you with the narration of my adventures during the navigation. It is sufficient to know, that after some months, I arrived at my destination in the East Indies, and marched, dressed in red like an Englishman, with my regiment against the Marahattas. I was shortly afterwards engaged in a most dreadful battle, and I need not tell you that I raged furiously, like a thorough-bred German, who knew what obedience was.

But this did not continue long, for I soon found

myself lying in a ditch, and dreaming of all the celestial hosts of angels. When I awoke again, I found myself in a dark lofty chamber upon a soft mattress. As there were no windows in the walls, the only light, which entered very sparingly, was through the open door. In the whole chamber there was nothing to be seen but a dirty-looking, triple-headed, Indian idol, which stared at me from the corner where it stood.

I put my hand up to my head, when I felt a stunning sensation ; it was fast bound up, and now for the first time I was made sensible that some brave Marahatta must have left me, as a token of remembrance, a cut with his sabre, which extended the whole length of the scalp.

After a considerable time, an old man with a long beard appeared, and bowed himself down before me. His friendly looks and gestures pleased me much ; but it was only at a later period, when I had made myself master of the language of the country, that I could understand him. He was an Indian priest, and acted towards me the part of the good Samaritan. He had found me the day after the battle lying among the dead, and had conveyed me to his own house. This heathen had cured

me, in a most Christian manner, by aromatic salves, and had refreshed me with nourishing food, so that in a short time, I was not only convalescent, but perfectly recovered from the effects of my wound. One morning he gave me his blessing and dismissed me.

I was now alone in the world, under the free heaven of God and the scorching sun of India, without knowing a single being who could feel any interest for me, or who would have assisted me in my distress.

I proceeded in my solitary march, absorbed with melancholy thoughts and gloomy reflections, but whither I was going I knew not—when I met a company of jugglers. I saluted them, they stopped and the young people began to pull me about, and to play their tricks upon me.

Now these jugglers had also musical instruments. I took up a guitar, which I could play very well ; the moment I had the instrument in my hand, I began to touch the chords in so lively a manner, and with as much joy and pleasure as though I had been at home, here in our valley of the Elster, and at our Whitsunday feast.—At all events, I so pleased these people, that they insisted upon my

remaining with them and accompanying them wherever they went, and whilst they performed their juggling tricks, I was to play the guitar for them.

Whilst we were staying at Poonah, the capital of the Marahattas, I happened to pass by the royal gardens with my guitar under my arm—it was eventide, and the silver stars were shining so brilliantly—it was so deliciously warm—the tops of the trees waved to and fro in so enchanting a manner, embalming the air with a thousand aromatic flowery perfumes, that I scarcely knew where I was. I sat me down upon a stone and began to dream, although awake. In the distance I heard a voice singing—it was sweet, soft, penetrating, as though it wished to conquer my heart and soul.

Being accustomed to accompany singers, I instinctively placed my hand upon my guitar, and began to accompany the voice, as though I had been ordered so to do. At length the voice was silent, and I was upon the point of withdrawing myself, when the tempter whispered into my ear, Wilm, the garden door is not very high, you could easily get over it. I threw my guitar over my



shoulders and climbed up ; but when I peeped down it appeared to me as if I were in the middle of paradise. There were numbers of gay-coloured lamps hanging in every corner and turning, casting a mild light upon the ornamented serpentine walks, which were cut through beds of all kinds of flowers. Here and there I could perceive in the glimmering of the lamps, and of the moonshine, beautiful pillars and statues. Lilies and roses were sweetly fluttering to the soft breezes, rejoicing together, as though they were mutually communicating pleasant news to one another.

All at once, I became so enervated, that I thought I should like to have died. But when, at the end of a long walk in the garden, I perceived a small tower-like building, which seemed to be constructed of porcelain and gold, looking so enticingly brilliant, I could no longer resist, and sliding down the wall, I crept up to it as silently as I could, keeping in the shade of the shrubs.

It would have been possible for me, to have arrived unperceived by any one, if there had not been two large lamps burning close to it. There I stood and knew not what to do, and a secret anguish began to take possession of me. But at

length I again heard the female voice proceeding from the wondrous building—so soft, so melancholy and sweet, that I was quite overpowered by its charms. The two lamps were hanging low down, and before my heart had beaten three times, I extinguished them; nobody had noticed it, for the singing continued without interruption. I was already inclined to creep in at the door, or to peep through the key hole, when suddenly it opened, and two females came out. They stood there some time talking to one another; had they been silent, they could have heard my heart beating. At length they disappeared in a serpentine walk, and immediately afterwards the singing voice was once more heard from the interior of the building.

The door had been left a-jar. I crept up to it and looked in.

The apartment was so beautiful, I cannot describe it to you; but, upon a crimson velvet sofa, there lie a young female, with two eyes—two brilliant stars, which were looking up and appeared to penetrate through my very soul. Involuntarily a tear gushed from my eye, and sobbing like a child, I laid my burning cheeks down upon the

step of the door.—But, my dear friends, it is impossible for me to tell you how every thing happened. I shall ever remember that hour, when I, the poorest foreigner in the country, overcame and gained possession of the heart of my Madhawi, the sister of the great prince of the Marahattas. How it happened, that her head lie upon my breast—how it occurred that she became mine so suddenly, that I may well say she was asked and won—I know not myself.—But, from that time, with the assistance of her nurse, whom we had succeeded in gaining over to our secret, I went every evening into the pavilion of the garden.

Now, when we were fully convinced that we should never be able to live without each other, we determined to escape from the anger of her royal brother.

I forgot to tell you, that in the meantime, I had separated with a grateful heart from the jugglers when they left Poonah, and had taken lodgings in a house situated in one of the suburbs.

One dark, moonless midnight I was waiting at a private gate of the garden, according to appointment, with two noble steeds which I had purchased with the gold of my bride. Scarcely had I made

the signal, when my Madhawi appeared, carrying her jewels and other property in several boxes. These were soon stowed away in the saddle bags, and one of the horses laden with them, whilst the other I mounted myself and took up my precious charge behind me—her arms clasped round my beating heart. Like a wounded stag, I bounded from the place with my rich booty.

We concealed ourselves by day in the woods, but we continued our flight in the night time, till we at length arrived at a French factory. The Europeans received us in the most hospitable manner. We were thus safely conveyed to the sea coast, where we went on board a merchantman bound to Marseilles, and arrived in that city without any accident.

Here my Madhawi was baptised and received the name of Helena Indiana, after which, she became my dear wife.

The love of home and country induced me to return hither amongst you, my friends ; but my poor wife could not endure our climate. Moreover, she was always talking to me of a white cow which she had brought up at home. Who would not smooth the thorny passage of life for a wife, who

had sacrificed her royal state, her riches, and her beautiful climate, yes, every thing for love? I therefore ordered a building similar to the one in which her white cow lived in India, to be erected in my garden, and went to the neighbouring country, where I purchased a similar animal for her. One of you accompanied me to make the purchase, Friedhold I appeal to you.

The citizens by whom he was now surrounded, upon hearing this, fell upon old Friedhold, and would have ill-treated him on account of his silence, if Wilm had not interfered.

From this period, Wilm continued to live in the town, being held in great consideration; and was successively elected king of the archery feasts, year after year, because upon those occasions he was accustomed to give them three hogsheads of Bamberg beer to drink. Whoever was oppressed by want, or happened to be in trouble, applied to Wilm, and he immediately received relief.

But, when the foreign bank, in which he had placed the greater part of his fortune, became bankrupt, and he thus lost nearly every thing he was possessed of; and when after that, his house was burnt down, so that nothing was left to him,

but his wife and his sorrows, and the little hut of his father in the pottery ground; all his glory and consideration departed—every house and every body's purse were alike closed against him.

However, he cared but little for these table-companions. He began to turn his wheel, and to make plates and dishes as before, and his wife carried them to market for sale. In this manner they kept themselves in a decent state, like honest working-people. But the young woman always became more and more melancholy, and not long afterwards died in child-bed.

The day after her burial, the potter's house was found closed; of Wilm no trace could ever afterwards be found.

Some few pitied him—but all those who had received benefits from him, said that he deserved his fate!—

That is all I have heard about Wilm and his brown Helena, with her white cow.

“Your story, old man,” said John, “is another new addition, which proves and maintains the right of individuals moving in the most humble sphere of life to the holiest and most glorious sentiments.—What curious sensations I experience

when I see before me this small Indian skull. Oh thou poor soul, thou martyr to the longing for home, thou delicate exotic plant! Why did love tear thee away from thy paternal soil, only that thou mightest fade and perish, rootless in the far distant cloudy, cold north?"

"She was a *Vallisneria*,"\* interrupted the doctor. "This wonderful plant blossoms deep beneath on the warm sea ground, until it feels the almighty power of love, when it loosens itself from its roots, ascends to the surface of the water into the new element of air, in order to swim over to the crimson coloured flower of the beloved, to cherish it, and then to perish and again sink."

Without being asked, Wolfgang now brought out a flask of wine, which he had put aside in a secret corner of his cellar, and—But how can I describe in a satisfactory manner this hour which

\* The *Vallisneria* was not forgotten; the male and female plants of which being disunited, the latter uncoils her long spiral peduncle, to raise her flowers above the surface of the stream, while the male, unpossessed of a similar faculty, breaks his fragile flower stalk, and rises spontaneously to the surface to accomplish the act of fecundation.—"*Picciola*," vol. ii. chap. 12.

here united men together in the enjoyment of the highest human spiritual life ?

It appears as if, at such a time, that the all-loving father of his favourite children, lifts them up into his lap, presses them to his universal bosom, and allows the astonished creatures to listen and watch the pulsation of his beating heart !

But the doctor cried out, whilst he was filling the wine glasses anew :

“ I can distinctly see it with my internal eye how my whole soul now becomes dark-blue, like the sky in a warm, bright August-night, out of which star sparkling against star shines forth ! This however is clear to me, that a wine glass finds most room in our little skin-covered skulls, and is moreover the best opera-glass through which to observe the play in the O, which signifies the world ! ”

“ Do not creep into your own egotistical snail-house,” replied Gotthold, “ rather put out your spiritual attenæ, for there is a fruitful rain falling.”

“ Have mercy on the sinner ! ” said John, “ for do you not see the Pythian God also tuning his lyre over his head ? ”



Thus sat the friends enjoying their lively conversation until the grey dawn of morning appeared, then they once more filled their tumblers, drank to the remembrance of Vallisneria Helena, and separated.

The doctor has since anonymously written another treatise on the skull of an Indian female, but the narrator of this story has not yet had an opportunity of perusing it.

## THE PICTURE OF THE MERMAID.

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WHOEVER has not yet read Reinecke's "Fox," written in the old German patois and antique verse, let him quickly send to the library for the 40th volume of Goethe's works, the most perfect and newest edition, printed under the patronage of the most venerable Germanic alliance for the protection of privileges at Stuttgart and Tübingen, by J. G. Cotta's booksellers, 1830 ;—and whoever wishes to see real agreeable German student's life translated into Greek, let him make a journey to Munich !\* In that city you will find a very pleasant

\* In order fully to appreciate the meaning of the author in this sentence, it would be necessary to have resided among the people he describes, for to convey to an English mind the nature of a German student's life, would be quite out of the question ; there is something so very peculiar—so strikingly German in the student's life, that to know what it is, one ought, as he says, to make a journey to Munich. And even then, the "seeing"

tavern bearing the sign of the " Finch ! " Thither towards evening the young painters, who work in the new capital, make a pilgrimage, as likewise do those who are seeking for employment.

Some years ago, about vesper time, there was sitting in the parlour of the said tavern, a young man with a most remarkable Asiatic countenance, and of a most suspicious looking character in the eyes of the police.

By the time he had called for his second tankard of ale, he had already engaged himself in earnest conversation with the most celebrated painters of history who were then in the room.

" I can easily conceive," said he, clapping his hand over his tankard, " I can now comprehend the reason, that true reflection and the interminable mysticism of art and science must flourish in this city. Oh how well I shall now understand Schelling and Cornelius !—That pensive, melan-

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would convey but little information to the mind of what the real " Philister " life is ; we must have been one of them in order to comprehend the speculative and metaphysical subjects which form the usual topics of conversation in a company of German students.

choly, sympathetic state of our whole existence, of which one can form no idea but at Munich, and which one can scarcely suppose to exist, comes to one here as naturally as the rheumatism or a violent cold !

“ Is not man a child of nature, which is continually reproducing him anew, first of all by gaining body and soul for him, and then through these a state of consciousness ? Are not the chief means she adopts for this purpose, that she allows herself to be consumed by him in the shape of flesh, vegetables, and fruit, or as coffee, wine, and beer ? Come, my honest fellows ! tell me now, in what food could nature exist in higher perfection, than in fluid bread—in beer ? In it, body and soul are so closely allied that each little tankard of it represents the whole race of mankind—yes, even the whole earth ;—it is the genuine, the real microscope !

“ How different would the German—particularly the Bavarian national character, and accordingly humanity itself have been formed, without this auxiliary ?—(Here, waiter !)—It is for this reason that we Germans are the true Normal people, of which the Bavarian nation is the quintessence,

because it has compressed the whole of vegetable nature into the brew-house. Schiller, in a true prophetic strain, has already sang of this

‘Drum sammle still und unerschlaft  
Im kleinsten Puncte die höchste Kraft !’

[Therefore quietly collect the highest power unweakened into the smallest space.]

“But, you boys of art—(here, waiter!)—how could you ever believe, that, without the strong demon Beer, that great master Cornelius could ever have conjured up his wonderful stories of the spiritual world, particularly his legend of the mighty ancient giants, those drinkers of the everlasting Walhalla beer, and exorcise them to appear again in their former human shapes?”

The young painters made melancholy faces, like Madonna heads, folded their hands together over their tankards as if they had contained holy relics, and listened with the greatest attention to this new kind of gospel which was being preached to them.

The speaker continued :

“I could even venture to divide universal his-

tory into the period of wine-drinking, or that of the Greeks et Romans, or the classical period ;—and into that of beer-drinking, or into the Germanic or romantic period ! The former was the republican epoch, when heroes, poets, and orators flourished ;—the latter, when knights and monks held sway.

“ Oh, my tender-hearted friends, let us combat with our utmost power against the genius of modern times, which is whizzing onwards with steam boats, and with steam carriages upon our railroads.—Let our banner be the man placed over the city gate of Munich !\*—Down with steam and iron !—Down with the enlightened gas-lamps.”

“ Pereat !” exclaimed the artists.

“ Altogether !” added the philosopher, who was however now interrupted by a tall thin figure

\* The student who expresses so much horror at the innovations made by steam, railroads, &c., adopts for his banner, a stone figure placed over the city-gate of Munich, which of course remains immutable amidst all the changes by which it is surrounded ; but probably there is some degree of irony in this discourse, since Munich is noted for its modern improvements.

tapping him upon the shoulder with his skinny hand, saying—

“What, my jovial calumniator! are you here? —John is it really you?”

The latter seized hold of his friend’s proffered hand and replied:

“Henry! I am heartily rejoiced to see you again, from my soul I am! So many years lie between today and the night when I took leave of you; and yet it appears to me as though only one long day had elapsed, and that now evening had arrived, when the pale orb of the moon, the well-known, the old, faithful light were again shining upon me.”

A smile passed over Henry’s face, like a transitory ray of sun gliding out of the mist over the autumnal earth. An impenetrable but delicious cloud of tobacco smoke now concealed both the friends. When about midnight the vapour had once more dispersed itself, they were seen sitting opposite to each other with outstretched arms, and looking fixedly at one another.

“But tell me, my dear fellow,” began Henry to enquire, “what in the name of goodness brings you to Munich? I thought that you had been

long provided for and exalted amongst acts and deeds, and buried in the arms of a beloved wife! Have you no wish to settle down and become a quiet orderly person?"

"Such a state of happiness is not for me," replied John; "since I have seen my muse and heard her voice, I must needs yield myself her slave, and go whithersoever she pleases to direct me. Thus you find me in the service of my severe mistress here at Munich! Yonder lies my knapsack; it contains my masterpiece of poetry. I will not say anything about it myself; but if diamonds are only the petrified tears of the spirit of the earth, then these verses are blood drops wrung from my heart. It is a wreath of rubies, for which I now seek a pillar, an altar, or a nail to hang it upon;—or shall I cast it out into the street? I intend to dedicate this poem to the poet-laureat."

"All this is very good and very fine!" said Henry, "but it is now past midnight, and ghosts and spirits again seek their repose. Give me your knapsack and come along with me, if you can consent to become the guest of a poor humble historical painter."

Without more words, Henry drew his friend

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forth, and conducted him to his dwelling. In his chamber, upon an easel, was a large picture carefully covered up and cautiously turned against the wall. The bed was soon made, and warmly wrapped up in their cloaks, the two friends were lying down upon their hard resting place together; they continued talking a long time, till at length sleep placed her velvet hand upon them, and they sank into soft repose.

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Happy man who has constant intercourse with two immortals—Poverty and Art! Gods are not born in palaces, but in lowly huts! In the midst of the wilderness, springs, the mothers of rivers, the feeders of seas, rise up out of the earth: storms and ideas which shake the world are also generated there!

But in the dwelling of our painter, Poverty enthroned held her supreme court. Had not some compassionate spiders attempted to ornament the windows—had not the dust in mercy covered over

h its soft carpet the three cane chairs and the st, of which it was impossible to close the wers, it would have been very difficult to cast 's eye upon any article of luxury.

Notwithstanding all this internal poverty, the try of lines and of colour—Raphael's ideas, gained an entrance. I am speaking of that ating upon the easel, which at break of day, ary had been moving about, up and down, to annoyance of his sleeping friend, until at last painting was fixed in the best light, and just that when John looked up from his bed he ld not avoid beholding it straight before him. ylight at length appeared, and now Henry an making such a horrible noise with the coffee s, that at last John opened his drowsy eyes.

There stood the painting right before him. He up, rubbed his eyes again and again, as if he e endeavouring to wake up from some dream, ich he was trying to recollect ; he looked again, the painting produced a still stronger effect n his inmost soul.

He could not be mistaken, it was too easily ognised—it was the representation of the story

of the fisherman by Goethe, at the moment when the mermaid is enticing him under the waves—

“ Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,  
Und ward nicht mehr geseh'n.”

[She partly drew him in, he half sank down, and was ne'er more seen.]

Perhaps this painting may have fallen under the eyes of some of my readers. In it the poet is not painfully imitated ; the painter, as it were, by the power of his own peculiar lines and colours, has again created anew this divine ballad.

The fisherman, more a boy than a youth, is sitting at the foot of a rock on the sea shore. His cloak is seen partly fluttering over his shoulder in the dark stormy air, and the other end cast over his knees. Thus perhaps had he been long sitting, till at length his mind becomes as tempestuously dark, as the sirocco by which he is surrounded. Suddenly he hears wonderful tones from the melodious strings of a lyre, and the words of a song, as if approaching from the distance ; they appear nearer and nearer, and at length he sees a beautiful mermaid gliding over

he sea, surrounded by a transparent veil of vapours. She is already close to the shore, then she throws aside her veil and her lyre; a far stretching wave bears her beauteous figure high up, and casts her alongside of the affrighted youth. He has one foot ready to start, and is drawing back his left arm, for this lies nearest to the heart, where still some pious bible sentences learnt at school are tarrying—but at the very moment, the beautiful white arm of the mermaid is stretched out in so seducing a manner, her right hand suddenly seizes the left hand of the youth, by the soft pressure of her thumb upon his finger she sinks down, as if lamed by the rock; thus is his resistance overcome upon this side—but how much more so upon the other.—Under his right arm, the siren had thrust her own arm, playfully twisting her hand under his dark hair which hung in ringlets around his neck, and firmly pressing him there with her bent fore-finger.

How could the youth escape from such a snare? Has he still blood and life? then is he lost!—When she looks up, her head leans backwards, encircled by a wreath of water-flowers, her blond curls peeping forth under the wreath, like tongues of

fire gasping for air ; the face of the youth is smitten deeply by the magic power which charms his eyes.

To me, it appears as though his first sin were just budding into life around his mouth. What a glowing voluptuousness is depicted in that upward-looking face of the water-nymph, from the muscle of the eye over the projecting nose to the pouting half opened centifolium of the mouth, around the dimpled chin, and then down to the white soft neck, which like a tender stalk, bears up the fascinating, enchanting Flora's face to the youth ! who could wonder, that the young fisherman should sink with intoxicated head into this magic net of love and vanish under the waves ?

“ Halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin,  
Und ward nicht mehr geseh'n.”

[She partly drew him in, he half sank down, and was ne'er more seen.]

But this painting has a peculiar signification, because it contains at the same time the etiquette of the most modern, and the voluptuousness of by-gone times. The haunted mountain is again opened

view, and Madame Venus is seen driving over  
 l and valley with her beautiful feminine demons.  
 her hand she bears the ivory horn ; voluptuous  
 ies glide through the air like swans ; the merry  
 epherds immediately forget youth, father and  
 other, heaven and earth, country and friends,  
 rsuing her with joyous acclamations into smiling  
 spair and eternal death.

After contemplating this picture for a con-  
 siderable time, still fixing his eyes upon the  
 inting, John said, as if to himself, "poor boy,  
 lieu !"

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"You may stare at that picture, as long as you  
 ke, you will however not be able to find out,  
 at the signature upon that piece of linen canvass  
 ontains the history of my ruined, blighted, and  
 eceased youth. Here, John, take this cup of  
 offee, do not let it get cold !"

"Rather put down your tin pot and let it  
 epose," replied John, "and tell me what you  
 ean, explain this enigma to me ; I mean let me  
 ear the events of your whole life !"

“Alas!” said Henry, “do not expect a very charming history;—my life has been a mere imperceptible bulb, like so many thousand others; only with this difference, that I have succeeded in producing a lily flower from it.—I mean this stupid painting here!

“You may believe me, that poverty and a wild heart, are unfortunate companions for youth. During my whole life I have not been able to get rid of either. A stag driven at bay by two blood-hounds could not be worse off than I am.”—

As far back as I can remember—from the most distant misty speck of my boyhood, I only recollect a pale emaciated woman and a little boy, who wrapped up in rags and pieces of sack cloth which hung about them, went begging through the country from farm to farm, and were very much terrified at the farm-yard dogs.

The epoch of my consciousness, and from which I date all my recollection, begins upon a certain night. My poor mother exhausted and sick, had dragged herself on with me as far as Hamburgh. I was crying from the effects of hunger, fatigue, and pain; my feet were covered with sores and blisters. Besides this, it was late in autumn and

he nights were cold, stormy, dark and wild, like our destiny. My mother led me a long while through the streets, with which she appeared to be well acquainted, till at length we stopped opposite a very respectable house.

There she knelt down unobserved and prayed for some time. As she stood up again, she said :

“ Here, perhaps, my child we may find shelter, food, and a home ! Henry, I have prayed, that God may move the heart of the man who dwells in this house, to take compassion upon us. I can go no farther ! I will not take you in with me now. Whilst I go in, wait a little time, and do you pray also, that God may graciously hear us ! ” With these words, she folded my hands together for prayer and then went into the house.

She remained in it a considerable time ; at length I heard her voice amidst deep sighs and heart-rending moans, like those proceeding from a person in the agony of death supplicating for his life. Then I began to repeat the Lord’s Prayer, but could get no further than the words “ and give us our daily bread ! ”—I had forgotten the remainder. Whilst I was trying to recollect the continuation of the prayer, and had just remem-



bered, "and forgive us our trespasses," the street door of the house was voilently flung open—my mother rushed out wringing her hands in despair, the door was again slammed to, locked and barred behind her;—the noise still rings in my ears.

My mother cast her trembling arms around me, wrapped my smarting feet in her tattered apron, and drew me silently towards her, into a corner of the door steps. Such a degree of terror came over me, that I could not move a limb, neither did my mother speak a word; but I felt her scalding tears dropping down incessantly upon my face. My senses gradually left me, and an overpowering slumber pressed down my head upon my mother's bosom.

At length, I began to dream, but so frightful, so painful a dream, that no words could describe it. I felt an icy-cold hand placing itself upon my warm breast, and a voice sighed: "oh let me warm myself a little, I shall be frozen to death;" at length I felt my breast getting colder and colder; only in the middle of my heart, a small inexhaustible spark continued to glow. But when the hand of ice was also going to snatch at that, I felt as though my breast would burst.

At that moment I awoke ; I found that icy-cold hand lying upon my heart ; I seized hold of it in despair ; it was the hand of my mother. I raised it up to my face, I felt for her heart—all was cold and still ! I shook her, I called her by the most endearing names ; she heard me not ! Mad and raving, I bit her shoulder ; she moved not : I began now to roar like a wild beast ; but the hurricane, which drove the dark clouds over the houses roared still louder. At length I was seized with boundless fury. With both hands I took up the stone, which had been placed under my head to serve me for a pillow, and threw it against the house, the shelter of which had been denied to us. It struck against a window frame so forcibly, that the panes of glass were all shattered to pieces.

Then there was an uproar inside of the house, I placed my dead mother upright against the door—it was opened. A man, who held in one hand a sword, in the other a light, stepped forward. But when he discovered my dead mother, and when I screamed out to him, a corpse demands admittance ! he ran back affrighted and groaned aloud.

What further happened during this night of horror, I know not ; for, after this terrible excite-

ment upon my weak frame, a nervous fever deprived me of all recollection, I do not even know what became of me.

When my senses again returned, I only remember that I was lying in a clean, comfortable bed, and the head of an angel with celestial blue eyes and rich blond hair, merely parted over the forehead, was looking down upon me, and I felt her soft warm hand, placed upon my forehead. Astonished, I looked up a long time in the bright and clear countenance of the girl, till at last she asked me—

“Are you a little better? Yes! I was sure you would get over it and not die like your poor mother, whom we buried three weeks ago.”

“Where am I?” exclaimed I.

“Be quiet!” replied the girl, “I hear my father coming, and perhaps he will scold.”

At that moment, a tall, fine looking man entered the chamber, asking: “Well, Elizabeth, how is the boy getting on?”

“Oh! father, father,” said the girl, “he has again opened his eyes.”

“Well then, be off down to the kitchen!” said he, and sat himself down on the side of the bed.

I looked at him a long while, and he again at me, at length he said :

“Have you never lived amongst men? you are a fine fellow, are you not, to smash my windows as you did?—Well, never mind, do not be afraid; they are repaired, and I do not intend to punish you, for I have my reasons. As soon as you can relish a beefsteak, Elizabeth shall bring you up one. In the mean time I will be your doctor, and I’ll engage that you shall be soon upon your legs again : when you wish to get out of bed, I have placed a few clothes for you yonder on the pegs in the wall.”

I knew not what I felt, I stammered out something about gratitude, and God’s reward, and uttered other beggar’s phrases to which I had been accustomed, and which naturally occurred to me.

He interrupted me however, saying :

“I shall be very happy if you do not turn out quite so wicked a beggar’s boy as I thought you were. Your appearance is not so very much against you, but if I find your disposition inclined to cheating or any foul practices, I shall know how to provide for you.”

He laughed when he had concluded his speech,

and appeared extremely well satisfied with himself, showing me at the same time a double row of the finest teeth I had ever beheld, and making a peculiar motion with his hand, which I only understood at a later period.

My youth required but a short time to recover itself. As long as I was compelled to keep my bed, the little Elizabeth came to see me almost every hour ; for we were both still children, and talked like children. Although I continued to make enquiries concerning my mother, and also respecting the degree of relationship in which she might have stood towards Elizabeth's father, yet I could never obtain the least information, neither from her nor from any one else. But I soon got out of my little Betsy, that her father was a ship-builder and that she was his only child.

One Sunday I quitted my bedchamber quite recovered, dressed in clean linen, and in clothes which although they had been worn, were still in excellent condition. I began to exist only from this moment. I was treated as a child of the house, and grew up together with the sweet Elizabeth, like brother and sister. I was sent to school, learnt as much as I could there,

and at a later period, was apprenticed by my adopted father, to a mason and plasterer, whose principal buisness consisted in white-washing the walls of rooms ; but I was not entirely sent away from the house in which I had been received.

“ What a downright pity it is,” said the ship-builder often to me, “ that you are such a poor weak fellow. I had hopes at one time to have been able to employ you in our dock yard, and now here you are, turned into a house fly.”

But I was much worse off with my old mason ; he was as cross as a snapping pug-dog, day by day, year by year ! There are some people one would willingly flog as soon as one sees them—my master belonged to that class.

When I was sixteen years old, I had become a famous, clever wall dauber—wish-wash went my brush, from one side to the other, as my chalk-soup splashed about far and near. I could also draw perfectly accurate lines with small brushes—black, red, yellow, according to the taste and pleasure of my employers ; but if any amateur wanted nature’s green in his room, hanging vine leaves and grapes, I was the man for him ; for painting the green leaves of the vine was what I excelled in.

Now a swallow was the cause of all my misfortunes ; one had built its nest under the window of my dear Elizabeth, and I often watched it for hours together, how it flew in and out, incessantly darting upwards and downwards along the gutters of the roof, over the neighbour's chimney, three times round the church steeple, and instantaneously home again, bearing in its little beak a stock of flies and insects for its craving young ones. I could not banish this flighty little creature from my memory ; even whilst painting the dirtiest walls of houses, I was still thinking about the swallow.

It happened that, about this time, an old Frenchman, who carried on business as a jeweller in Hamburgh, took it into his head whilst I was whitewashing his house, to order me to paint some vine foliage, for, as I said before, I was already quite celebrated for my skill in this branch of the business.

As soon as I had prepared the walls nicely with the whitewash, I took up my colour-pot and brushes to begin painting in fresco. I was just occupied at the wreath which I intended to place in the centre of the ceiling, when the cursed swallow came suddenly into my head. Before the

Pope could say thrice, *Vobiscum*, the little creature, with its double pointed tail and red throat, was popped down in the middle, painted in Russian black and bole-armenia ; it looked so lively and so happy that I was quite beside myself for joy. It was the first living creature I had ever painted, and it was so exactly like its original.

I was jumping about the room and clapping my hands like a simpleton, rejoiced at my clever performance, when at the very moment my master entered. But, scarcely had he perceived the little monster in the ceiling, than he placed himself before me with his arms folded, poking out his long chin and nose into my face, shaking his head and snuffling :

“ What is that ? ” exclaimed he ; “ do you call that stuff up there vine foliage ? ”

“ That is a swallow taken from behind,” said I pertly.

“ And that is one taken in front.”—With these words he gave me such a cuff on the ear, that I feel its tingling even now, so warmly was it applied.

Then the demon of revengeful ire took possession of my senses. Scarcely had I felt the com-



fortable glow on the one side of my face, than the master received the whole wash-tub of Russian black over his head, making him look as though he had drawn a night cap tightly over it, and there the fellow was standing dropping from head to foot, like a statue spouting out water in the middle of a *jet d'eau*. The old Frenchman was standing in the door way of the chamber holding both his sides, and in fits of laughter, giggling with his eye glass and bawling out, "*Il faut voir cela de près !*"

Meanwhile I flew out of the house and ran home into my own chamber, where I now had time to reflect upon my misfortune and folly. Every thing which could tend to increase my anxiety now rushed up before me ; the close friendship of my adopted father with the plasterer, whom I had thus saturated ; all the reproaches and admonitions, to which I was obliged to listen daily at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper time, " That such a beggar-boy as I, ought to work well, and must learn to put up with any thing." Ah ! and then all the buffets, and thumps, and beatings which I was obliged to receive thankfully from my adopted father, as people do any little

gratuity which may be thrown into their bargain. But all these reflections were like transparent pearls strung upon the golden string of my affection for Elizabeth.

At that moment she happened to pass my chamber, and as she heard me within moaning so bitterly, she at first thrust in her lovely, angelic face, and at last came into my little room on the ground floor. She spake to me in so sweet a manner, that I could not avoid opening my heart to her. Then she also began to weep, till at length we both were sobbing aloud, and under a shower of bitter tears. — Heaven knows how it happened ; we both swore eternal love and fidelity towards each other, and then kissed and kissed again, till at last we both sunk on our knees and yet continued to weep together, and then we embraced and kissed each other again, and when one of us exclaimed, “ Ah me ! ” the other sighed and repeated “ Oh dear ! ” This was my first, it was my only love ! It was the most beautiful absurdity of my whole life !

During this scene, my ideas were so entirely absorbed that I knew nothing, I felt nothing, but the beating of the heart of my Elizabeth. Yet, all at once, it appeared to me as if a strong hand

had seized hold of my hair. This had lasted some time, and I began to feel my head pulled about unmercifully, when Elizabeth, uttering a loud scream, disengaged herself and fled, whilst I was dashed against the wall with such violence, that my senses of hearing and seeing utterly vanished. I was stunned. Like the roaring and rumbling of a distant thunder storm, these words struck my ear :

“ You infamous vermin—you beggar’s imp ! eh, what ? here’s a pretty story, you manufacturer of swallows, wiping your ugly mouth upon my daughter ! Look at this beggar’s brat ! March, away ! ”

Here a violent kick with his foot awakened me out of my lethargy. I sprang up and stared at the ship builder full in his hot fiery face foaming with rage. I know not how it happened, but his face appeared to me like a boiled lobster, and as fury had actually strained his eyes out of their sockets, it produced such a ludicrous effect upon me, that I burst out into a loud fit of laughter ; he sprang suddenly aside startled,—and I made my escape by the door as fast as I could, without any wish to return.

Like a stricken deer, I now wandered about the city. I passed the night sleeping under the shade where the fire ladders were kept. Next morning I went out into the open country. I walked along the banks of the Elb, as if I had determined to make this river my travelling companion. Famishing as I was, I plucked elder tree leaves and eat them. I was soon unable to proceed from exhaustion. I laid myself down in the deepest grass by the side of the river.

One ought to be quite miserably unhappy in order to discover the beauty of the vault of heaven, of the gliding water, of the waving trees, of all nature! It is only when plunged into the deepest misery, that one can understand her voice, for she only gradually begins to converse with him, who truly and wholly belongs to her—like a good-hearted, but whimsical old nurse, who only tells her astounding fairy tales during the hours of twilight, and when solemn stillness reigns in every place.

In this extreme necessity, such a wonderful sensation came over me whilst I was thus reposing, that I now laughed, now wept, and then tumbled myself over and over in the long grass; for the

grass, with its pretty yellow cowslips and buttercups appeared so playful with me—one blade following the other, tickling me in the face with its little prickly fingers, as if it comprehended my ecstasy. At the same time the water smiled so pleasingly upon me, and seemed to entice me so powerfully, that I took off my shoes and stockings and let my feet hang down in the river.

Whilst I was thus looking fixedly in the flowing stream, and in the clear sky which was reflected in it, until I was—how shall I call it?—quite enchanted by the spirit of the water, I gradually felt all my grief and care subsiding from my breast. Only one picture remained, for I cannot call it a thought—my Elizabeth!

My face, which I distinctly saw in the clear stream, began more and more to change into her features; I even saw her very look, her beautiful forehead, her blond curls, and then a white shoulder pressed forward—a youthful, glowing figure gradually wove itself before my eyes; two arms were stretched out towards me, so that certainly I should have precipitated myself into the river, burning with ardent desire and love, if the old Frenchman had not awakened me out of my

am, by calling out behind me, as loud as he  
ld bawl, "*Il faut voir cela de près !*"

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Henry, who was now silent, began to clear his  
ette, whilst John walked about the room with  
arms folded, at first with slow, but afterwards  
th rapid, uninterrupted strides. It was easy to  
that he was holding an internal conversation  
th his secret thoughts. After he had pulled his  
welling fur cap over his ears, his ideas broke  
t into the following words :

"What is the production of art, but an excla-  
ation of genius from its prison of the body?  
ke the gush of a spring, which leaving its placid  
urse, suddenly enclosed by an impenetrable rock,  
ow spouts upwards in a lofty column towards  
eaven ; thus in like manner does the longing for  
ernal peace spring from the bosom of the poet,  
nd of the artist, in their most glorious works.  
nd lastly, is not every thing that is great pro-  
uced by misfortune and trouble? Were not the  
emi-gods and heroes of ancient times obliged to  
ndure unheard-of miseries ?

“ Oh, I think of thee, Cervantes, the greatest poet that mother earth ever pressed so heartily to her breast amidst laughter and weeping — and allowed to die of hunger ! Let no one laugh at the noble knight and his honourable squire—for either one or the other will ever be calling out to him, Good morning ! Henry, look at me ; for I also am a poet, and my surname is *Don Quixotte* ! ”

“ If you were not quite so plump, and so well fed,” replied Henry, “ you might pretend to resemble him. But now I was thinking, if we were to go to the ancient Hellas, I mean to the Glyptothek. ”\*

\* All the public institutions at Munich are on the most extensive and liberal scale. The King of Bavaria is a devoted patron of the arts, and his capital may justly boast of a most splendid collection of paintings, statues, and works of art. It was my intention to have given a description of the Glyptothek, but not having the materials at hand, I have extracted a short notice of this celebrated building from Mrs. Trollope’s *Vienna and the Austrians*, vol. i. p. 168 : “ Another new and very beautiful erection is the Glyptothek, for the reception of the king’s collection of statues, which are

This proposal brought John into a different train of ideas. His visionary musings became crest-

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lefly antique. The exterior of the building is in a very pure and perfect style of Ionic architecture, and is in my estimation by far the most beautiful edifice in Munich. The halls of the interior are also very handsome, and exceedingly well arranged, showing to the greatest possible advantage the collection they contain."

There is also another beautiful building called the Pinakothek," containing a magnificent and valuable collection of paintings; the first stone of this edifice was laid on the 7th of April, 1826, the birthday of the immortal Raphael, and was not completed till the year 1836. It stands in the middle of four wide streets, leaving a considerable space of ground open all round, which not only secures it from fire, but allows the beauty of the structure to be seen to advantage. The entrance is through a handsome vestibule, supported by four marble pillars, on the left hand of which two marble stair-cases are seen, and which at the first stage fall into one, leading to the ante-chamber richly adorned with beautiful silk carpet tapestry, representing the memorable events of Maximilian I., the founder of the splendid collection which is now distributed in the galleries and cabinets of the Pinakothek.



fallen, and he sauntered along with Henry through the noisy streets.

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Like a beautiful Roman girl, who has studied the "*Ovidium Nasonem de arte amandi*," and the whole of the unabridged "*Decamerone*," and concealing in her inmost heart many glowing dark stories of summer-night kisses, and sudden dagger stabs, now kneels down at her confessional, and with closed eyes, confesses in riddles to her corpulent "confessore," and is likewise absolved in riddles—so lies the Glyptothek before the eyes of the bigotted *Monaco*, quite pious and reverential, but to the lover she willingly opens her clear bright eyes and shews her beauteous symmetrical limbs.

As soon as the two friends had arrived in sight of it, Henry said :

"What a delightful thing it would be if you could remain here, like another Ariosto or Tasso!"

"What do you mean in prison?" asked John.  
"The longer I stay here, the more I lose courage for my undertaking."—

“Thy fate and mine,” interrupted Henry, “will soon be decided. I hope already, tomorrow, when I deliver up my painting for the exhibition, to be able to learn whether I can obtain a livelihood in this place as a master of the art of painting ; for, my picture of the mermaid should receive an unconditional approbation, not only shall I immediately obtain a purchaser and money for it, but likewise orders for new works ; I may, perhaps, even be patronised by the court.”

“Oh ye Gods of Fate !” said John, as they now entered the Glyptothek, “be ye propitious to two youths devoted to arts, and let them arrive safely at the desired goal !”

They were now silent, for before them stood the fresco paintings of the celebrated master, Corneilius. The ancient, glorious ages of the gods and heroes rushed almost audibly past them. The hours of day fled there imperceptibly.

In the Glyptothek is also to be seen, an antique Medusa head of marble. In the countenance there is something so enigmatically horrible, that no person who has seen it once can ever forget it. The triumph of sensuality and of sin, the inextinguishable, sublime, irreconcilable anger, and with

all these, the physical pain which is so strongly depicted in every feature, as if caused by the cold thrust of the sword passing over into the agony of death; and yet the peculiar beauty of the whole head, the *tout ensemble* by its petrifying horrors, renders the legend as it were alive.

John now stood opposite to the head. He was leaning his forehead upon his folded hands, through which he was examining the beautiful features of this masterpiece, as though he could read the most frightful tragedy in it.

“John, what is the matter with you?” enquired Henry.

“Just look here,” replied he, “I am contemplating this face, and behold in it the countenance of the whole human race—all its pains and its despair! It is the wicked conscience of the world’s history. Oh, I know well that atheistical countenance! I hear the rustling of the winged horse of futurity, and I behold a clenched hand, and a sword in the act of being drawn! Henry, come let us go out; I must pour oil upon the turbulent waves of my soul; I mean—a bottle of beer!—Give me some of the beer of equanimity, that I may come again to myself!”

With these words, the two friends left the Glyptothek.

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A public-house, in which a pretty barmaid presides, is easily found out in Munich, in the same, a foaming tankard with its shining coverlid may soon be procured, and when you are thus far, a good meal may as quickly be obtained.

“To what a degree our powers of imagination may be excited by hunger, both of us can easily ascertain,” said John, after he had already poured the third flask of oil upon the disturbed waves of his soul; “now you, by the powers of fancy as it were, have produced the picture of the mermaid, whilst I, through thirst alone, have produced an ideal ape’s head; for, according to the opinion of the most modern philosophers, the Medusa head is to be considered as such, or as that of a wicked conscience, or who knows for what else.

“But now, my dear fellow, there you are with your love story, sitting down on the bank of the Elb, and your old Frenchman crying out, *Il faut voir cela de près!* Come, jump upon your legs;

tell me how you became at last such a professor of painting?"

"That is very soon told!" said Henry, continuing his story.—

Scarcely had I informed my merry patron of the misfortune which had befallen me, than he took me home to his own house, laughing all the way. He kept me there that night, and dispatched me the following morning with a *Louis d'or* for my travelling money, three slices of bread and butter, a small bottle of rum, and a letter of recommendation to his *très-cher ami*, an old portrait painter residing at Bremen, who was to provide me with a situation.

I found this gentleman a most eccentric character. The first job I had to do for him was to clean his shoes; when this was done, he exclaimed, "good!" Then I had to brush his coat: as soon as it was finished, he said, "good!" Then I had his coffee to boil; I boiled it as well as I could, that is, I put the coffee-beans whole into the coffee-pot. The old man was looking attentively at me, but not a feature altered; however, as the water would not turn brown, and I at length acknowledged to him that I did not under-

and the boiling of coffee, he said just as indifferently, "bad—very bad!"

Next day a neat little shopkeeper's wife came to him and requested him to paint her portrait.

He made her take a seat, then turned her about on one side to the other, and gave me a drawing board and some black chalk, pointed with his finger towards the woman, and sat himself down again to his own easel, where he had to put the finishing strokes to another picture, which he had been painting.

I looked at the woman, she looked at me; at length, in despair, I made a beginning, and with faint lines I drew upon the paper a face which was to resemble the woman. By degrees I became bolder, and drew away as hard as I could, so that at last I managed to produce a sort of blackamoor's face, pitted with the small pox; for you could see nothing but black and white spots. But, when I tried to make the back ground about the mouth, as I had taken the face in profile, and scratched away with my black dashes all in the wrong places, they formed a sort of bodice and bosom, which together transformed my picture into the likeness of a hideous baboon.

After some time, the painter perceiving how hard I was at work, came up and took my drawing board away, went with it to the window, and after he had examined my picture with the greatest attention, he returned it to me, saying in a solemn, deep-bass tone, "good—very good!"

That this good woman never had a glimpse of my drawing of her face, I sincerely regret to this day; for had she been a woman addicted to vanity, I feel perfectly convinced that it would have effected a thorough cure in her.

The following day, when she sat for her portrait to the old painter himself, he made me draw her face again, also in profile; in the afternoon, yet once more; the next day even three times, and continued thus during several successive days, always saying "good!" I should liked to have run away from it, for all his "good!" was of no service to me, and I was compelled, notwithstanding, to clean his boots and shoes, to brush his clothes, and to draw always the same faces, which he happened to be painting.

You will not be surprized to learn, that by degrees I began to be a little more careful of my chalk and paper, to draw more slowly, and to take

pains how the old gentleman made the  
 nes of a head, how he placed his portrait,  
 e his ground work, brought the proper colours  
 the face, softened them down, shaded, added  
 lessened colours—so that at length, I began to  
 some faint conception of painting.

proportion as my drawings improved, the  
 frequently did the old gentleman repeat his  
 d,” or “very bad” or perhaps “miserable—  
 e horrible;” many a time I could have cried  
 rage, but my bread-master remained taciturn,  
 us, and inflexible. I was determined however  
 xtort an approbation from his mouth; but,  
 tly when I expected praise, he pronounced my  
 “miserable,” and when I had merely daubed,  
 to pass away an idle hour, the longed for  
 od” was heard. I could not comprehend this,  
 who the deuce could. In the meanwhile,  
 ithstanding all this, I was penetrated with  
 nal respect for the wonderful man, for I must  
 owledge, even at the present day, that he was  
 ry excellent painter, and he possessed a latent  
 it, which only wanted to be drawn out.

t last I proposed to myself, when I had made  
 very inconsiderable progress in drawing, to

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gain his approbation by storm, upon a plan of my own.—I made a drawing of the picture of my never-to-be-forgotten Elizabeth, in which, although from memory, as I had devoted the greatest possible attention to my subject, according to my own opinion, I had succeeded beyond all expectation. Filled with joyful delight, I placed the picture before him. He looked over his easel at it, cast up his lips, and muttered to himself, “ideality, ideality! quite horrible!”

Bursting with rage, I tore the sheet from off my drawing board before his eyes, and rumbled it up into a mass. The old man tranquilly laid down his palette and his cane, looked at me earnestly, and exclaimed :

“Bravo, bravo! Henry, you are a downright noble fellow, and you shall also become a painter! That milk and water ideality will return to you again.”

Nothing further was said upon the subject, but he ceased painting, cleaned his palette, and desired me to put on fresh colours according to the different shades. When this was done, he sat down near the window and said, “Now, paint away—but quickly !”

After the lapse of one hour, he stood up, looked at my daub and said, " Good—very good !"

On the following morning, when I entered the room, I found another boy there, who was cleaning my master's boots. My old teacher, for thus I shall ever call him, came towards me. He looked at me for a long while with eyes which became moistened with tears, and said at last :

" As yesterday afternoon you were transformed into a painter, it is not becoming that you should clean my boots any longer, and consequently you are now of no further use to me. I have taught you to crawl, now learn also to run off! Here is your travelling money, pack up your things and try your fortune. You may take your palette and these colour bladders. Paint portraits as much as you like, but beware of meddling with any thing beyond that style, you will get nothing by ideality. What does the stupid crowd understand about it, or how can they conceive your meaning. My dear Henry, adieu, go and be happy and think sometimes of me, when you are launched into the world! Listen once more, you must also think very often of God who is so good to you !"

My eyes were filled with tears when he had uttered these words: I attempted to speak, but my sobs prevented me, my master sat down at his easel and muttered to himself "miserable, quite miserable."

"Henry," exclaimed John, "here's a health and long life to your old master!"

"With all my heart, notwithstanding he has been dead this many a long year," replied the former.

I now quitted the city with my knapsack strapped upon my back, and passed through the gate of Bremen. My swallow, which used to build her nest under Elizabeth's window, or some other, flew before me for at least a league, chirping and fluttering around me. As it was in the spring, and a beautiful morning, I felt so merry and cheerful, that I went along, throwing up my hat and catching it again with the other hand. Like a miller's boy I proceeded along the stream, till I came to the place where the Aller falls into it, and thence, I continued my journey till I came into the neighbourhood of Zell. Since the period when I was so lost in meditation of my Elizabeth upon the banks of the Elb, I had gained a peculiar

affection for the water and its playful waves. I now once more cast my eyes down the stream of the Aller, as though I expected her image to re-appear, or some beautiful white arm to stretch itself out towards me.

Whilst thus absorbed in deep reflection, I heard these words sung :

“ Das wasser rauscht,  
Das wasser schwoll,  
Ein fischer sasz daran !”

[The water foams,  
The water swells,  
A fisherman sat there !]

I stood still and said to myself : “ Well, now this must be a very wonderful story !” But when I fancied that I even saw the humid figure of a female dividing the flood and uttering these words :

“ Du stiegst herunter wie du bist und würdest erst gesund !”

I could no longer contain myself; I immediately ran round the hedge, by which the road made a

sudden turn, and saw two wandering students sitting upon a little heap. The one was bland, the other looked more like a tall brown gipsy girl, than a reasonable civilised human being.—

John burst out into a loud laugh, and said :

“Do you mean this as an insult to me? Do you think I no longer recollect how a stupid looking painter’s boy, with his ugly wide Hamburg mouth and his unartistical stump nose, sprang out of the bush, and quite abashed, politely asked, ‘Who had composed that pretty song, which we had been singing?’ and when we answered, ‘Goethe,’ you asked like a simpleton, if he were also a painter?”

“Be silent,” exclaimed Henry, half ashamed; “I was indeed at that period a downright stupid fellow, but it is really quite horrible, that people should always remember stupid things, better than any thing that is clever! But I shall always think upon it, how we trudged along together to Zell, how I first painted your portrait, and when I could not succeed with the long hair, how you finished it off with a hard hair brush!”

“Yes, and in that picture I looked more like a convicted thief than an honourable student.”

“Well,” continued Henry, “but you were so mad, that you actually had inserted in the weekly newspaper published there; ‘that the celebrated historical and portrait painter, Henry H. . . . .n had returned from England and would remain a short time at Zell, in order to devote his talents to the painting of a few portraits of those tender-hearted admirers of the art—who would remunerate him in a suitable manner!’ Yet, this was of service for I had plenty to do! It is true, I painted dark Corregios, often also a semi-dark Rembrandt, and I even sometimes succeeded, though rarely, in turning out a pale-panting Guido Reni! You too, soon left me, I often thought of you, when at length I was appointed teacher of drawing to the public school, where I certainly learnt more than my scholars.

As soon as I had collected three hundred dollars, I was obliged to travel into Italy. You do not know what it means to have the Italian voyage-fever! It is as though every stone in the road were mocking you, turning up its nose and saying, a booby, he has not even been to Italy.—Every door screeches out to one, *Na-ples!* Every coach, which passes through the street, bawls out *Rome,*

*Rome, to Rome.* I could no longer resist and I gave up my situation in order to make a pilgrimage to Italy.

In the meanwhile, by what means I succeeded, after having attempted several times to put together a number of different figures, which should express an occurrence, or a thought, or both together—not a word about it, for you merely want to know concerning the one idea of my life, the picture of the mermaid,—how that was at length brought to perfection.

“You are a regular wake-robin flower,” interrupted John, “your whole existence shot upwards and terminated immediately in a poetical idea like that plant, of which the young unopened leaf is rolled up into a stalk, and at the top unfolds a wonderful white flower. But I will not interrupt your narration, in order that you may turn over the best leaf of your mermaid’s picture.”

You can easily imagine, continued Henry, that the song of Goethe followed me every where and was continually buzzing into my very soul—it went over the Alps with me, swam over the Mediterranean Sea with me, pursued me over the Appenines, even into the Vatican—high up to

Vesuvius ; at last it attacked me in the shape of a longing for home, and at length one evening, drove me back, wrapped up in my large cloak to my very eyes, my head distracted with grief and sorrow, till I found myself walking again in the streets of Hamburg.

What a period of circumstances lie between that night, when I had arrived there for the first time with my mother, and when I lost her there in the midst of horrors and madness ! That beggar's boy, whom a shipbuilder had taken into his house, and at a later period, who was so ill treated by his master's cousin, the mason and plasterer, till again he was driven to flight, and given up to misery—that poor boy had now grown up to manhood, but was he any happier ?

Whilst thus musing and wandering in the streets, unknown to all, a stranger in my own country, it had become night—I felt something lightly pulling my sleeve. By the moonlight I saw a ragged, half-starved, ugly, dirty woman, standing before me, and near her a boy in even as miserable a plight—my soul was horrified ; I thought I again beheld before me the picture of my own mother and myself, as I appeared thirty



years ago ! Instinctively I seized hold of my purse and enquired : “ who are you ? what do you want ! ”

“ Alas, sir,” murmured the miserable creature, “ we have not always been such poor people as we are now, my father was a worthy shipbuilder and I am his only daughter. Now I and my little cousin loved each other, and —— ”

“ Your cousin ? ” said I.

“ Yes, but I only knew he was my cousin at a later period,” continued the unhappy being, “ that he was the son of one of my father’s sisters, who had been first seduced by a foreign gentleman and then left to perish ; she had returned from abroad with this child, but my father would not receive her again. Some years afterwards she returned with her boy, but died before the door of my father’s house. But the child—Henry was the dear creature’s name—was received into our house ! He was so good, but rather wild ; and at length my father drove him out again into the wide world. It appeared as though our good fortune was also to dissappear with him !

“ My father then began in the French time, to form partnerships with smugglers, and once he

equipped a large ship for the purpose of  
 ying on a contraband trade, but it was dis-  
 ered, and the consequences were, that we found  
 selves obliged to leave our home, and were  
 en into misery! My father was seized with a  
 alytic attack, and now he has entirely lost the  
 of one side. I am thus compelled to beg for  
 and for my child. In the mean time, a pilot  
 ed me and married me. On the very day this  
 ld was christened, the French, I know not for  
 at reason, shot him dead! He was a kind man  
 l would not have allowed me to go a begging.  
 w gracious sir! have compassion upon us, and  
 e us a shilling. God will repay it you a thou-  
 d fold, in happiness and health."

[ could scarcely stammer out the words, "What  
 re you called at your father's house?"

"My name is Elizabeth."—

I could no longer contain myself, the chords of  
 r heart were broken asunder—tears pressed out  
 my eyes.

"In the name of God's mercy, sir, what is the  
 utter with you?" she enquired anxiously.

It was the voice of my youthful love. I seized  
 r hands and held them so long, till they became

warm. She tried to discover my features through the darkness of the night ; I recognised her still tender languishing eye. It hurt me to restrain myself any longer, and I asked her, without disguising my voice :

“ Elizabeth—my Elizabeth, do you not know me any more ? ”

She then pressed her head to my side, and began to sob aloud, and to stammer—

“ God be with you, Henry ; He has been good to you and has made you great in the eyes of man, but He has humbled us into dust, and that I know to my sorrow ; but I thank Him that he has permitted me to see you once more, and thanks to you too, dear Henry, that you are still as kind-hearted as ever.”

My soul was torn with internal anguish ; but I was obliged to compose myself, and to save the beloved of my youth from the whirlpool which cast her at my feet. I enquired, therefore, in as firm a tone of voice as was possible :

“ Elizabeth, how can I assist you ? ”

“ Ah ! ” said she, “ if I had only four or five pounds, I might be enabled to established a fruit and vegetable trade, which I could easily carry on.”

I happened to have in my purse fifty Frederics d'or; they were the produce of a picture, purchased of me by a banker in Altona, to whom I owed many other obligations. I reflected that I still possessed a golden ring, with a valuable ruby which I could sell. Without further consideration, I slipped the purse into her hand, kissed her forehead, looked once more at her eyes, kissed also the child, and then departed from her.

The next morning found me seated in a close stage coach, in which I rattled here to Munich.

It was only when bridges and roads again intervened between the dream and reality, that the old picture of the mermaid was revived in my soul with fresh colours and renewed life. Without repose or cessation have I worked at it; now it is ready, and you have seen it.

The two friends, the narrator and the listener, gradually sunk into such a state of melancholy stupor, that they soon returned to their own dwelling.

If I dared to tell you in private, my readers, how Henry, when night appeared, fixed a lamp between two old books, over which he placed a

kettle filled with water, holding it till it began to boil—how he put sugar into the glasses, at last slowly pouring the boiling water and liquor upon it, till the most delicious grog was produced—truly I could wish, if at least you have a feeling heart, to induce you to go and do so likewise.

But, if I wished to relate to you how these two friends conversed together throughout the whole night powerfully, like two tall forest trees in the secret hour, when every thing else is silent; and if to this, I were to betray that the lamp was not extinguished before the morning twilight had glimmered over the roofs of the houses—then might you shake your venerable heads, and thank God that ye repose quietly every night!

For this reason, let it suffice that I merely tell you, that the next day towards noon, a great crowd was formed in the saloon of the Exhibition of arts, composed partly of those who wished to be admitted, partly of those who had already viewed it, and were pushing their way out again, the latter constantly repeating the words, “The Fisherman and the Mermaid, did you see that painting?” If an amateur or an artist happened to meet a friend, you heard the exclamation,

“Did you see the superb painting of the Fisherman and the Mermaid?”

John, who had been in the midst of the crowd, and had hung up his ears every where, as though he could not be too certain of the triumph of his friend, would willingly, pistol in hand, have forced the most obstinate opponent to acknowledge with enthusiasm the superiority of the painting. At length he had heard enough, in order to sail full-freighted with his news into port.

Upon his road homewards, a girl who was selling wreaths of star-wort and everlasting flowers met him. He threw a shilling into her basket, took up the most beautiful wreath, and hastened home therewith.

When he opened the chamber door, he found his friend lying upon the straw mattress. He quickly placed the wreath round his forehead. Henry sprang upon his feet, as his friend cried in a loud voice, “*Victoria*, thy fame blossoms late, but it will be eternal like the stars!!!”

“How you frightened me,” said softly and slowly the painter, looking like a smiling bridegroom.

But John, in the excess of his emotion, ex-

claimed: "Many friends are waiting for you at the sign of the 'Finch,' come a paint-dauber—for a paint dauber."

There was no time to be lost, Henry, who was quite carried away by the zeal of his friend, flew with him through the streets, till they came to the house patronised by the painters—they passed through the billiard room into the back parlour, which was full of artist faces, with and without whiskers.

"*Gloria ! gloria ! in æternum !*" exclaimed several to Henry as he entered ; others shook him by the hand ; yet others sat moping with secret-felt envy, and appeared not to notice him.

"Well, that's enough," said Henry at last ;—"but, Joseph, bring in five bottles—for each finger one."—

"That will make ten," said the witty publican.

At this moment, a very old gentleman pressed forward out of the crowd, holding up his spy-glass and saying—" *Il faut voir cela de près mon cher.* I sall paie for de fichure, two hundred ducats."

Henry looked a long time at the old man, then with tremulous emotion he took him by the hand and led him into the recess of the window, where

he seemed deeply engaged in conversation with him; when both returned arm in arm, the old man called out: "Garçon, vaitor, bring twalf bouteilles of sillery,"

A general shout announced the joy of the artists. Only a few of the youthful painter-pupils considered it offensive to see a Frenchman in their company; but they allowed themselves to be pleased with the Champagne, and were soon reconciled to their fate.

Now another artist entered, his name may here be omitted; the most modern statuary works of the Walhalla,\* and then the numerous paintings

\* "We had ordered a carriage to convey us to a spot which is already celebrated throughout Germany, and which will, I am sure, be as well known throughout Europe, as the Vatican itself.

The spot for which I thus venture to predict so great celebrity, is a hill which rises boldly almost from the very edge of the Danube, on which Lewis of Bavaria has commanded a temple to be erected, which he names the Hall of Valhalla, within which are to be placed the busts or statues of all the great men of Germany, (including therein all lands to which her widely-spread

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which serve as copies to the students in the capital, sufficiently make him known. He turned round, and addressing himself to Henry, said :

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language is native), whether distinguished in arts or in arms ; whether poets or philosophers ; statesmen or princes.

The idea itself is very noble, and the execution of it at least equally so ; for a more magnificent pantheon can hardly be conceived than this promises to be. Fifty-two finely-proportioned fluted Doric pillars surround it ; the circumference of each by our measurement, carefully made, is six yards. The length of the building is two hundred and twelve German feet ; and, if I mistake not, the height and width half this, forming a double cube. The interior walls and floor are to be of polished white marble, and the roof entirely gilt. Four hundred steps of stately width will form the approach from the Danube : and altogether, I should imagine that this temple, with its position, form, material, and object, such as they are and promise to be, will become one to which henceforth, every man of taste throughout the world will, at some period of his life, deem it needful to make a pilgrimage.

This high-minded Bavarian monarch may well be

“ A short time ago, Cornelius and myself were speaking of you to his Majesty the King, who wishes you to participate in the execution of some ideas and paintings for the new palace.”

Henry gratefully pressed his hand. He was so excessively happy, that he could now scarcely recall a single idea ; but how much was his joy disturbed, when happening to turn round, he saw his friend stamping with rage and fury. He held a newspaper in his hand.

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excused for having the walls of the palace in which he resides of stucco, when, from his own funds, he erects a temple of marble and of gold to the memory of all the mighty names that have honoured the country, whose language is his own.

This great work is expected to be finished in about four years, from the present time. It is certainly the most beautiful and the most imposing national monument that I have ever seen in any country ; and, had the Danube no other feature to draw strangers to gaze upon its historic shores than this new Valhalla, it would be difficult to resist the attraction much longer.”—MRS. TROLLOPE : *Vienna and the Austrians*, vol. i., letter 15.

“John, what is the matter with you?” he inquired.

“Nothing, only a mere trifle!” replied he.  
“There, read!”

Henry immediately cast his eyes upon the place to which John was pointing with his fore-finger. Henry replied, rather in an embarrassed tone :

“Do not be annoyed at that! Certainly his majesty must be overwhelmed with fatigue in receiving so many specimens of art, and so many models, that really in self-defence he was obliged to establish a committee for the examination of these objects, so that what is worthy of his reception might be reported to him!”

“Never, never,” said John, “ought a prince to keep himself in the back ground! He ought to be like the sun, imparting light and warmth every where, over lions and hares, over eagles and mice! Did not Homer announce in his time, that kings descended from Jupiter; but the singers and poets from Apollo? If then I am a real poet, it follows that I am his equal in birth; therefore I must eternally protest against this committee and its competency, as Charles Stuart did against the tribunal by which he was condemned. But if,

instead of the paternal lyre, I only hear the tinkling bells of a fool's cap over my head—then, adieu, folly !”

Henry spake not a word against this logic. After a short time they crept homewards, and throwing themselves upon their beds, were soothed by a sweet and long sleep, which refreshed both soul and body.

The following morning John packed up his knapsack. Henry accompanied him to the Glyptothek, which he wished once more to enter. Then he hastened towards the statue of the Medusa, which only yesterday he had so much admired. He knelt down before it, and spake thus :

“ Oh, Sancta Medusa ! behold me now prostrate before thee in the dust, doing penance for the criminal error which led me to Munich. Oh thou mighty deity of Time ! Thou destroyer ! Look down powerfully with thy lustreless eyes upon the sinner who mistook thy office, and dared to approach thee with song and lyre !”

Once more he threw himself in his friend's arms, after which he hastened out, got into a hackney coach which happened to be standing there, and rattled down towards the city gate.

The author of this little history is only acquainted with the circumstance, that the painter, Henry H. . . . .n is still alive, and dwelling at München, that he is turned religious, paints holy Madonnas, singing cherubim and seraphim, pictures much too holy for this mundane world ; but the poet returned to his native town, is become an advocate, carries on lawsuits, and dwells in the Altmarkt in Dresden. *Have pia anima !*

## PRECIPITATION.

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DURING the late melancholy weather, I renewed my visit to an acquaintance, an old professor of philosophy, or rather of history, for he still continued to give lectures upon the latter subject, whilst he had long ago left off teaching the former branch of science. This old gentleman, who imagined that he comprehended the occurrences of the world and of our time, in a manner particularly his own, and on this account often shook his head when younger people were in a merry mood, is frequently governed by very peculiar whims. He ridicules the desire which rages in the present day for wonderful events, because people whose minds are weak and hollow, endeavour to lighten the pressure of their tedious moments, and wish to clear up the darkness which envelopes them, by seeking for wonders and rare occurrences, and willingly accept that which is impossible and

contrary to reason, merely to get out of the way of burdensome truth. But his opinion of this is, that people only want eyes in order to perceive, that remarkable, and even wonderful occurrences are continually happening, but being invested in a phantastical dress, only in extremely rare cases, are, on this account, not observed by the wonder-seekers.

Does not our life itself, yes, and all creation too, if one would only reflect for a moment, repose upon conditions and foundations which one would be almost obliged to call fabulous, and to which we can find no answer for the why, whither, or wherefore?

In this universal silence of the wilderness, the excited spiritual ear frequently imagines that it is listening to some inexplicable sound, like the echo of a different state of being, and this re-echoing is translated by the creative power of phantasy into words, out of which images, sentiments, and thoughts unfold themselves, which afterwards create the Art of Poetry, Religion, and Ideality, or Mysticism for mortals. In this manner, people voluntarily remain during the whole explanation without a text.

But let us leave these whims of our Balzer (a repulsive name, and a disagreeable abbreviation of Balthasar.)

This Balzer also maintains, that many of the prophetic dreams of events which have happened—of warning forebodings which have afterwards been fulfilled—exist in real life to a far more considerable degree than people will usually allow. Exactly so, he says, when we think suddenly of a person, whom we had not thought of before for years, and at the very moment the postman rings the bell, in order to deliver us a letter from this long-forgotten acquaintance, that there is nothing very remarkable in it.

He likewise affirms, that every body must have observed, that frequently after having heard a story or an occurrence related, which has not been thought of for several years, he enters another company, still absorbed in deep meditation at the idea how it has been possible that people should not have paid attention to such a remarkable fact during so long a period, and there hears the same story repeated, without anything having happened to give rise to it, and so again in a third and fourth circle, that he could almost swear the recollection



of the occurrence must be immediately connected with the air. And this must really be the case ; if not in the air, then in some fine, imperceptible fluid. Can we not extend this idea to sensations, inclinations, whims, and persuasions of different periods ?

It really appears, that even the wise man during some period of his life, cannot avoid some act of foolishness, which is afterwards adopted by the crowd. My friend, the Professor, has therefore a custom to note down in a book every thing remarkable that he has witnessed himself, or has learnt from others. This book has already attained a considerable size, and contains nothing but rare occurrences, which are too little observed by the company or by learned men.

Sometimes he trusts this collection to me, or even reads a few chapters to me himself when he is in a cheerful humour.

In one of our late conversations, he said, " Is it possible that the moon, whose humid rays have so injurious an effect upon many plants, should act equally injuriously upon the brain of man ? " And, continued the old Professor in his zeal, " Let no one believe himself so secure, that this goblin does not

at some time or another invisibly bewitch him, let it be in the shape of stupidity or of excessive wit, of confusion, or of superstition, or of an inconceivable ignorance. No dictator in the state or in science is for ever exempted from this ridiculous tribute. For example, our Göthe."

I will not presume either to criticise or ridicule him here, in which of his works he may have been weak or artless, in which book he may have yielded too much to the momentary whim, for upon this subject we shall hereafter learn much, and frequently have to dispute ; but I will merely cite a little piece of his ignorance, which, however, in the end is really not so very trifling. We know how often he has praised Byron, and he must have studied him and read him with enthusiasm.

In the fifth number of " Art and Antiquity," he translates the monologue in the second act of Manfred, and immediately in the second verse he says—

"Wir leben

In Lebens-Ueberdrusz, in Scheu des Todes.

In all den Tagen der *verwünschten Posse*—

Lebendige Last auf widerstrebendem Herzen, u.s.w."

But in English it is—

" In all the days of this detested yoke," &c.

Göthe has mistaken in this place the word *Joke*, [Spasz] for *Yoke*, [Joch] and he was certainly not hasty, like so many other clever translators; the commencement, "We are the fools of time," misled him. I must also add, that he has entirely failed in the expression of the whole monologue, as anybody may easily convince himself by comparing this verse with the original.

Our famous serious Schiller has endeavoured to translate the Italian story of Turandot, and immediately in the first scene he makes *Kalaf* relate :

" Am Fusz  
des Kaukasus raubt eine wilde Horde  
Von *Malandrinen* uns die Schätze."

[At the foot of the Caucasus a wild band of *Malandrines* plunder us of our treasures.]

In Gozzi it is :

" Sotto 'l monte Caucaseo i malandrini  
Ci spoliaron di tutto."

One might ask, who does not then know, that "*Malandrini*" mean robbers? But Schiller (who treats Fr. Schlegel as an ignorant man) considers them to be *a nation*. And he and Göthe, both of

them great men, of whom the greater long resided in Italy—attend many rehearsals—witness the performance of the piece, and afterwards allow the story to be printed, yet this gross mistake remains unobserved!

Werthes, who as early as the year 1770, gave the public a well-meant, but highly hasty translation of “Carlo Gozzi,” has the same mistake, and it is easy to perceive on comparing them, that Schiller has copied from Werthes, and probably consulted the Italian original but very little.

One of the most serious, I may say one of the most striking blunders of ignorance imaginable, is found in the second volume of the correspondence between Zelter and Göthe (p. 295)—

“In reading your little book over and over again, I always stick fast at the following passage:

‘Nur Byzanz blieb noch ein fester Sitz für die Kirche und die mit ihr verbundene Kunst.’”

[Byzantium alone still remained a stronghold for the church, and for the arts connected therewith.]

Now no person could possibly imagine what there is in this passage that appears so obscure

or incomprehensible to the professor of music, to the master builder, who also presumes to be an architect. As no person could even guess the question contained in this part of the letter, I have quoted it, in its own simple, harmless, natural words. It runs thus :

“What was Byzantium ? Where was it ? Can you answer me this question in a few words ? &c., &c.”

This celebrated and clever man never scruples to deliver his opinion with the utmost decision upon the most important affairs of literature, art, and science, and yet can ask such a question as this. And they have allowed such a passage to remain after correction of the letters, after superintending the editing of the work !

I will not decide, whether it be an excusable or inexcusable fault for any person, who has only made some little progress at school—to say nothing of college education—not to have learnt what Byzantium is. But, for an old man, who pretends to be superlatively well-informed, who converses upon every subject, who must have heard the expression a thousand times in company, and must have read it as often in books, and who besides is

universally known by the appellation of "The Great Antiquarian"—for him, in the autumn of his life, at last to inquire what Byzantium is—the question, to say the least of it, remains a highly ridiculous occurrence.

Therefore, as our beloved poet himself says, in his own agreeable manner, and so much to the point—

"Eines schickt sich nicht für alle,  
Sehe jeder, wie er's treibe,  
Sehe jeder, wo er bleibe,  
Und wer steht, dasz er nicht falle."

[One thing suits not with ev'ry man,  
For some must do what others plan ;  
Let each one labour in his calling ;  
Let him who stands beware of falling.]

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These words may therefore serve as a motto to introduce the following little anecdotes, which I have also borrowed from the book of the old Professor, who has noted them down among the real circumstances witnessed by himself. But I will relate them in my own words, and not in those of

the Professor, as he never trusts me long with this volume of the recollections of his own observations.

Some years ago, there lived in a large town, a young professor of philosophy, and as he, like most philosophers, was infallible, and had found out the only real truth and the irrefutable eternal wisdom, he did not want for scholars, who were all ready to swear to whatever their master uttered.

The saloon, in which he lectured, was almost too small for the number of pupils eager for knowledge, and those of his scholars whom he vouchsafed to honor by admitting them among the number of his intimate acquaintance, were envied by all the others. People in business, who could scarcely remember their school boy days, reckoned it as a very great favour, when the wise, but still very young Plato, would permit them to sit along with the scholars, in order that they likewise might quench their thirst at this satiating fountain.

This teacher being so much in fashion, drew around him a crowd of useless adorers, and yet the serious man who understood how to value his acuteness of mind, could not refuse him his esteem. It was therefore perfectly according to the natural

order of things, that a witty, curious French lady, who was by no means averse to investigations, should seek the acquaintance of this celebrated Professor, and should desire to hear him explain his system, as well as her little knowledge of German, and his indifferent bad French, would allow. She was witty, lively in conversation, never fatigued or visionary, and a successor of De Staël, who first directed the attention of her self-satisfied countrymen to our Germany, as to some land in which much might be discovered, like in the far distant India, or in some fabulous region of which the perfectly accomplished Franks had never even dreamt. It was, therefore, extremely troublesome to the young widow, Madame Deschamps, when she was listening with unbounded faith, and was swallowing in, both with eyes and ears, the metaphysics of the instructive professor, that her mouth was compelled to laugh at the bad French of the Evangelist, whilst her mind was lost in admiration. But it was still worse, when suddenly (as it sometimes happens to artificial cascades in beautiful parks, that the forced water ceases to flow, and a melancholy and disagreeable silence ensues) the excited teacher was obliged to hold his



tongue, because he could neither find winged nor crawling words in the foreign language. In this emergency, a beautiful girl, a younger sister of the traveller, then stepped forward as interpretress, and translated the ideas of the lecturer, who delivered them in the German tongue to this kind intervening angel.

This method of philosophical conversation was afterwards adopted, in preference to the earlier one. The hours devoted to philosophy became more and more frequent, and also more confidential. Both these charming young women hung upon the lips of their persuasive teacher, who uttered so many new things, such as they never had heard before. They thought that they understood him, and he, who saw their admiration, did not doubt of it. It was not unnatural, therefore, that after the constrained lecture hours, they should refresh themselves with lighter conversations; and here again the young professor showed the ladies all kinds of arts of his German gallantry.

The lecturer met his female scholars in different parties, at the houses of their mutual friends, but he preferred visiting them at their own residence. It was natural, and could not be taken amiss, if

after a few weeks, the professor fancied that both these lovely women preferred his intercourse to that of other people. He was unmarried, agreeable in person, added to which, he was a celebrated author, and when he turned over every thing in his mind, he thought at last that he might anticipate, with some degree of probability, that this womanly predisposition in his favour would gradually blossom into love itself.

His mind wavered some time as to which beauty he should give the preference, which scholar he should approach with the design of awakening and experiencing the sentiments of love. At length, after some hesitation, he decided in his own mind for the younger sister, who was rather the handsomer of the two (and was besides half a German) whose property, of which he had heard a great deal, was situated in Alsace, and which to him, as a prudent worldly man, as he considered himself to be, was by no means a disagreeable appendage. Besides all these considerations, he had become more confidential with her, in consequence of the attempts at translation of his lectures, and he was far from being displeased when, as it sometimes happened, he found this younger sister at home alone.

Thus stood the affairs. The philosopher was daily more and more adored by his admirers, who really had come to the town partly on his account. They wrote letters and billets to him, containing the most touching expressions of devotion, appearing to the happy man almost to border upon adoration, which however he blamed in secret. He purchased some rose-coloured gilt-edged note paper, in order to be able to answer his fair correspondents in a suitable manner; and was only extremely perplexed that the pure French characters were rounded off so clearly and distinctly, like copper-plate, but which, notwithstanding, were sometimes read with great difficulty, on account of their extreme similarity. He had again given a lecture, and was enjoying the expectation of seeing his lovely friends, the following evening, at a party in the house of the ambassador.

Early in the morning, he received a long letter from the learned lady traveller, the elder sister. Some of his most confidential friends were assembled at his house at breakfast. The letter was opened, and the young professor read it with enraptured countenance. He communicated the contents to his friends. It contained the so often-

repeated praises, couched in a continual, and if possible, an increasing admiration. All were delighted that their great master should be thus acknowledged by foreigners.

The lady stated, that she already enjoyed in anticipation the happiness of seeing again, that evening, in the house of the ambassador, the man who daily became dearer to her sentiments and to her heart; that his presence alone would shed incense and true nobility over the large and brilliant assembly—

“She already begins to think perfectly like a German,” said the young count Von Nettling, in this place,—“she could never have brought such opinions with her from France.”—

“Thus it is,” added a young poet, “the French will only form themselves into a true, peculiar nation by means of us Germans, after they have become more intimate with us and our literature. These continual fresh arrivals of travellers reminds one of Joshua and Kaleb, who were sent forward to find out the promised happy land for the inhabitants of the desert.”

“And,” said a third, “does not this widow immediately carry back with her an immense bunch

of grapes, in order to transport her countrymen with joy and pleasure?"——

The enthusiastic young man had scarcely concluded the last word, ere the professor let fall the letter upon the floor, and turned as pale as a sheet.

"What is the matter with you?" exclaimed all.

The professor sat down in his arm-chair, and endeavoured to collect himself; at length he said, deeply affected:

"All of you, my friends, have been witnesses with what reasonable zeal, with what sincere disinterested friendship, I have devoted myself to this haughty, proud woman, who pretends to be a genius, how much of my valuable time I have sacrificed to her, in order to enlighten her dark-witted intellects, and to influence her with a desire for acquiring substantial knowledge, and thus render her capable of enjoying a more spiritual existence.

"She also appeared to acknowledge this; and yet it is impossible that a French woman can deny herself so far as to lay aside the excessive pride, the self-love, the insolent presumption of her nation. For look here yourselves, with your own eyes, at this scandalous sheet of paper—read

this gross impertinence yourselves. It would be impossible, even for the most vulgar German to write thus, unless it were intentionally to insult a declared enemy, whom he wished to humble to extremity. Read it, gentleman; here it begins with thanks, admiration, the most beautiful French phrases—and quite sentimental upon the subject of my *bonhomie*; and here about my system, not without some view; and now, only for me, only for a German, would it be possible, *d'unir cette profondeur à une stupidité sans exemple*.—

“What do you say to that, gentlemen? Is not such a piece of shameless insolence without a parallel?”

All were silent through astonishment. Every one took up the letter, every one examined it, read the obnoxious sentence over and over again, and when they were all perfectly convinced, that this abominable libel upon their much adored master existed, there arose a tumultuous uproar, during which, every person endeavoured to vent his anger, by uttering the most contradictory imprecations, mingled with the most pathetic exclamations.

At length, when silence was momentarily restored, the professor exclaimed :

“ Gentlemen, I really believe that this insult is intended as praise, that is to say, as far as these supercilious people can and will praise us. They think thus of us.—They still consider us bears, and untamed wild beasts, and it is a refined *haut goût*, in which they delight to exhibit their sublime superiority, that they condescend to learn the more spiritual refinements from us, an uncultivated, uncivilised people; yes, it is a kind of wonder to them, that stupid barbarity can produce reflection, and that a curious law of nature has so decreed, that nothing but profound, solid knowledge can thrive upon this soil of stupidity, consequently, only here in our country. But, for such praise as this, I would rather be without it, and I will not permit myself, nor my noble nation, to be thus wantonly insulted.”

It has been said, that it is a most excellent plan to answer every letter immediately after its reception, that by so doing, it contributes to keep up a more free and healthy correspondence. This plan may be very sound doctrine as regards a friendly correspondence, but where passion reigns, occasioned by a letter, it would perhaps be more advisable to allow one's anger to cool down a little, in order to

find a proper standard for dictating the answer. However, these infuriated German *savants* were not of this opinion.

After some proposing this, others that, they at length all agreed with the professor's views, that it was necessary to answer this insolent letter forthwith in the most cutting manner, and indeed so, that every polite expression, or phrase of gallantry, or former friendly consideration might and should be excluded. The professor therefore immediately sat down, and wrote in his own bad French, as hastily as he possibly could, the most decisive letter of dismissal to his former fair friend and admirer.

The friends by whom he was surrounded assisted him here and there with a phrase, which the auxiliary imagined to be cutting or witty, and in this manner they produced a most choice collection of the flowers of German anger, which was written upon a common sheet of letter paper, as the professor was now thoroughly ashamed of his gilt-edged, rose-coloured note paper. In this declaration of war, he prohibited them from approaching his person again, and as the enemy might probably be inclined to interpret this ill-mannered expres-



sion in a different way, he said—"as the Franks had from the earliest period attempted to introduce their customs and politeness to the Germans, the lady could not find it unnatural, if he took her own billet as a pattern, and that he should endeavour to copy it, as far as his humble abilities would allow him to do so. He must therefore openly acknowledge, that this instance of her coarse vulgarity and impudence by far exceeded his own unparalleled stupidity, which she had so much admired in him."

He begged further to add, "that his own German *bonhomie*, which she had likewise excessively praised, was by no means so great—that he could smile at her gross presumption, or could consider it as any thing which might be pardoned in a lady, but that his anger was also of true German nature and constitution; that his self-respect and the esteem, which every learned man owed to himself, advised, whilst his position in the world, his fame, and his value commanded him, to reject and to break off, from henceforth and for ever, the acquaintance with such a thoroughly incorrigible French woman, and that in the strongest and most unequivocating expressions."

He concluded by telling her, that, notwithstanding, he would be present at the evening assembly at the ambassador's, and that if, after this declaration, she should still have the courage to approach him as an old acquaintance, it would compel him, be he even twice as stupid as she considers him to be, to show her with what contempt of his inmost soul he could treat a person thus endeavouring to force herself upon him, and at once cast her off from him. In as far as esteem and this declaration, or stupidity and deep penetration of thought can possibly be united, he begged to subscribe himself in a similar manner,

Her most, &c.

All admired and praised this comprehensive letter, as if it had been the master-piece of the cleverest, and at the same time most resolute diplomatist.

The servant was ordered to carry the letter immediately to the residence of the ladies.

In the evening the professor, accompanied by some of his worthy pages, and armed in all the pride of his dignity, went to the house of the ambassador. There were assembled the fashion-

able world, ladies and gentlemen, and also many celebrated men. The host and his lady welcomed the learned professor in a most friendly manner.

After some little time, the French ladies, who had been engaged in a spirited conversation with some of their own countrymen in a distant corner of the room, now approached nearer.

“Heavens, my honoured friend!” exclaimed she in her language, “what an extraordinary epistle you have sent me to day! I was in the country, and found it on my return home, but have so little recovered from my astonishment and surprise on perusing it, that I have brought the letter with me. I must beg of you, dearest Sir, to apologise in a suitable manner, if you wish me to forgive you this incomprehensible attack of your hypochondriacal humour.”

“There is no question about apology,” exclaimed the German in violent excitement; “The apology ought to come from you, but however artfully you might attempt to introduce it, you would not succeed in talking me out of my resolution.”

She replied with some vivacity, as she was naturally lively, and the tone of the professor, who scarcely gave himself any trouble to restrain

his passion, approached so nearly to screaming, that the eyes of all those by whom they were surrounded, were fixed with astonishment upon this group.

“My friends,” said the minister, “come with me into this room, in order that your remarkable behaviour may not cause any excitement. Honour me by accepting me as a mediator, advocate, or arbitrator, and I hope to be able once more to reconcile such worthy friends to each other.

The disputing parties followed the friendly man; his daughters and two other *savants* went with him; some ladies, excited by curiosity, and who would not be denied, followed the French ladies; and the professor was likewise accompanied by his general staff, anger depicted in all their countenances.

“Your excellency,” said the professor, after the door had been closed, “will learn a most singular and unheard-of occurrence, which, notwithstanding that we have succeeded in destroying the tyranny and supremacy of the French, still proves that these Franks wish to trample us under foot.”

“Since the affair is at length brought to an audience,” said the French lady smiling, “I must

beg the Count to read this letter, which I have to day received from the professor,"—she placed the letter in his hands with a friendly smile, in which the professor only saw deception and arrogance.

"I must beg your excellency to read it aloud," said the professor ; "I carry about me the other letter, which occasioned this one, and submissively entreat that this document may likewise be read aloud, in order to justify my feelings, which have been expressed somewhat strongly."

All listened with the greatest attention when the ambassador began to read the letter in a somewhat hesitating tone. His embarrassment increased, partly on account of the barbarous French, but still more, as he was obliged to utter aloud phrases and rude sentences, which are literally banished from polite society.

When he had finished, the professor said ; "I perceive that your excellency is astonished that I could write thus, but, since you have now undertaken this disagreeable affair, I beg that you will also read aloud the letter from this lady.

"You are really quite incomprehensible, Mr. Professor !" said the lady : "one could almost

imagine that you were enchanted and bewitched ; for this conduct cannot be explained in a natural manner."

The minister now read the other letter, and with a cheerful countenance and firm voice, as it contained nothing but friendship, politeness, and the most refined flattery. When he was nearly at the conclusion, the *savant* placed his hand upon the paper, and exclaimed, his countenance glowing with rage ; " Now, I beg of you distinctly to pronounce aloud this unparalleled *stupidité*."

" Are you then,"—said the minister (and could not at first regain his voice for laughing.) " Why here it stands quite plain ; *cette profondeur à une sagacité sans exemple*."

The German professor took the letter with trembling hands, he looked and read, and read and looked again ; his companions examined it likewise, as though it it had been written in strange characters in some half worn out manuscript, and the French lady laughing aloud, clapped her little white hands, and exclaimed, in the cheerful tone of a self-willed child :

" How could you read *stupidité*, instead of *sagacité* ? You, a learned man, and all your friends ?"

The professor replied stammering, "the characters are so similar, the letters run into one another so freely and boldly, and yet so indistinctly, that—I beg pardon"——

He was silent, and withdrew with his friends, quite ashamed. When he had left the room, the company broke out into an irrepressible and unceasing laughter. At length the Count said :

"I must beg of you, my ladies and gentlemen, if it be only possible, not to take further notice of this singular affair ; it will be as well if we can all forget the circumstance, in order not to wound the feelings of this otherwise really estimable man."

"He can bear it," said a young lady, "the week will pass over and then it will be forgotten, whether we suppress or relate the anecdote."

The female traveller added : "If I were to correct his manner of reading in a new edition of my notes, should I be very much in the wrong?"

She did not see him again, and shortly afterwards returned with her sister to her own country.

Whether she may also have reckoned this circumstance as one of those, through which she has learnt to know our Germany?

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Many travelling Danes often visited our old friend Balzer, or Balthasar. He had formerly been so fortunate to become acquainted with such men as Oehlenschläger, Ingemann, Rosenwing, Molbeck and other highly-talented men, and these frequently sent him their friends and acquaintances who were travelling through Germany.

The whimsical professor even pretended that he preferred the company of Danes to that of other foreigners, because they were all so well educated, and were so spiritual and clever, and that he was particularly delighted with their cheerfulness of mind, with that rash enthusiasm with which they entered upon every subject, and then with that persuasive vivacity with which they spoke and disputed.

“That,” said he, “is the most entertaining antithesis to those all-sufficient wiseacres, who never express a decided opinion, and scarcely will ever listen to other people, because they are at all times convinced that they alone know every thing better, and will not believe that any one else can understand it. Such worthless arrogant people are greatly on the increase in our beloved country, and circumscribe all communication. They will not only



refuse to acknowledge themselves to possess any weak point, but they will not even show it, they will never retract any assertion, and thus in company we find a kind of political or philosophical breviary offered in prayer, whence, after a certain number of *Aves*, an authenticated *Credo* follows, and so on.

“Only,” said Mr. Balthasar, “this fire of enthusiasm carries the Danes sometimes so far (I mean some) that they likewise will take no notice of other people’s observations, and refuse to listen and to comprehend the speaker, but they chiefly overstep all bounds in their otherwise noble patriotism, in such a manner, that the German, who, according to rule, is too little of a patriot, cannot find or overtake them again for a long time.”

Such a young Dane, who was also reckoned a poet, and who chiefly aimed at imitating Oehlenschläger, came the next evening to Balthasar, and related to him the scene which he had witnessed the night before at the house of the ambassador. Balthasar was astounded at the circumstance, which rendered the Germans ridiculous, although it supplied him with materials for his chronicle.

“Inconceivable!” continually exclaimed the

young Dane, whose name was Oswald, "that any one could so far forget himself; that a person could be so percipitate! Is it not almost as bad, as if some malicious sorcerer had bound his eyes and had bewitched all his senses?"

They continued to converse for some time upon the subject, but the young Dane was the most violent, and at length appeared to agree with the French, that such occurrences could only happen to a German *savant*.

They passed on to other subjects, but disputed and conversed mostly upon poetry. Young Oswald, who imitated Oehlenschläger, had read and criticised much, and had likewise entered deeply into mystical subjects, asserted that many superstitions, and a voluntary respect for acknowledged authority, imposed the heaviest shackles upon genius. As such a general assertion might be both true and untrue, they requested him to explain himself more fully, by citing some examples to prove what he had asserted in his speech.

"We Danes," said he hereupon, "are of opinion that many of our geniuses, who have sprung up in modern times, might be compared with the most celebrated men of foreign countries; that there are

in many of their works single passages, scenes, passions and situations so new and original, that they can be found nowhere else, so that people must acknowledge, that in these things we have gone far beyond all other foreign poets, the single Shakspeare perhaps excepted."

"But it appears to me," replied the professor, "that this more modern literature, whatever praise it may deserve, could scarcely have developed itself without German examples, and thus perhaps we might attribute to ourselves a great part of that which is most excellent among your writers, as belonging to our stock, to our manners and customs."

"Mere sophistry!" said the Dane, "for then you Germans could not be original either, because without the model of Shakspeare you would never have found out the excitement which made you faithless to the path, in which you had hitherto vainly endeavoured to follow or limp after the French."

Göthe and Schiller, it was asserted on the German side, besides some other poets of whom it may be permitted to speak, are at all events not so nearly allied to the Briton as the modern Danish

productions are to our poetical works. To be awakened and excited by great models is very different from close imitation.

“Then,” exclaimed the young Dane, “according to my idea and view of the case, it is impossible that any truly original genius could exist in modern times, but Shakspeare alone, who was neither an imitator himself, nor could he be excited by other models. And it is therefore to him alone, that I unconditionally bow down my head, as to the highest, the best, from whom we Danes have learnt, but whom we have never copied. But, if we agree to this homage, we are also justified to require the same from the Germans.”

“Even allow this to be granted,” replied the German, “can a modern school, and that one of the most modern, attempt to persuade us that we have already done too much good in this respect? But, you Danes, since you are such very devoted patriots, ought you to be so enthusiastic about this arrogant Briton? for—”

As the German professor looked in a very peculiar manner when he uttered this sentence, his friends were all struck by it; the lively Dane interrupted him with greater zeal, exclaiming,

“ Well ! what is the matter ? What are you trying to conceal ? ”

The German said, “ You all know how this English author introduces the history of his countrymen into his works, that he describes their character, that he also frequently introduces the Italians ; he brings forward the French people, the Romans, the ancient Greeks, whilst only in one single work, in his universally celebrated *Hamlet*, has he any thing to do with the Danes. But, good heavens ! how does he represent this nation to us ? Full of indecision, faithless, irresolute, as much inclined to good as to evil ; they all speak in a very reasonable manner, even wisely, but act foolishly ; the principal character, however amiable and generous it may be drawn, torments himself with contradictions, and would fall to the ground, if unsupported. All appear excited, and are carried away by magnificent precepts and heroic resolutions, but turn back and break down as they approach, or even after they have arrived at a favourable opportunity to execute their magnanimous resolves. Such contradictions are not found in any other of Shakspeare’s works, and the question or the suspicion may well be entertained

whether the poet intended to characterise your nation by it."

The other auditors could not tell whether the old friend intended this seriously, or as a joke ; but the young Dane burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and at length exclaimed :

" Well, that would be something to boast of ! No, I have by far too great an opinion of my favourite to be able to suspect him of such an act of insipidity. To accuse a whole nation, and as it were to change it into a single person, in order to ridicule it upon his theatre. No, my dear friend, he was too much of a poet and philosopher, too great a cosmopolite and philanthropist, even to entertain for a single moment the idea of such an act of foolishness, much less for him to be able to commit it. But even were I to take it in this sense, (which I certainly will not admit) then as a Dane, I should likewise appropriate to myself all the wit of the prince, his deep penetration, his amiable character, his presence of mind, and that peculiar humour which is not to be found in any other work of Shakspeare. And thus we shall at least have gained as much as we have lost by this pretended accusation."

The German said, " You extricate yourself exceedingly well out of this affair ; but we have not yet done. This Briton, so much adored by you, has concentrated in a single verse all the wickedness he wished to utter against your whole nation. In this verse he exposes the little confidence he has in you, and he mercilessly breaks his staff over your heads. This single verse stands like a dreadful motto, and admits of no moderation, of no sophistical subterfuge, as would otherwise be possible in so grand and sublime a composition, as this tragedy of Hamlet represents."

" And this verse, this dreadful verse ?"

" It is :

'Ihr Könnt nicht von Vernunft dem Dänen reden.' "

[You cannot speak of reason to the Dane.]

" How !" exclaimed the young Dane.

The other friends sat silent and smiling, as they knew the tragedy by heart ; but Oswald spake in excited tones, his voice trembling with emotion :

" No ! it is impossible that any being endowed with human understanding, much less a poet, a great poet, could have uttered such nonsense !

What? it is impossible to speak reasonably with a Dane, or merely to speak of reason to him! A miserable writer of pasquinades, in his national hatred against an enemy, during an unhappy war, would not have expressed himself in such terms; and in Shakspeare's time we were at peace with England. No satirist, whose violent excesses are excused, could ever write such a miserable sentence as this. I boldly proclaim, that this witless nonsense, this calumny, is nowhere to be found in Hamlet!"

"Look here!" exclaimed the philosopher, and he pointed out to him the passage in the book.

Oswald turned glowing-red with rage, and cried out, "Am I not reasonable? Have I not been appointed by my government, which considers me a reasonable man, to travel into foreign countries? Would the government select stupid, unreasonable men to send them out on their missions? How shamefully are all the great men of our country—all our rulers, from Absalom down to our last minister, calumniated! But, I believe, that Schlegel must have translated this passage wrong. I am certain that it is not contained in the original."

The German immediately opened a book, saying,



“It is quite impossible to translate more literally and more faithfully than Schlegel has done this simple, yet so important verse, only look here :

“You cannot speak of reason to the Dane.”

After Oswald had fully convinced himself that it was so, he exclaimed, in great bitterness of tone: “Well, from henceforth, let me swear nothing but hatred and contempt towards this so-called poet, who has cast himself away so deeply below the most vulgar rabble. My next treatise shall be upon this subject, in order to open the eyes of my good-natured countrymen, and that they may understand with what a spirit they have to do, if they still good-naturedly wish to honour him. Yes, I will write a tragedy for the express purpose, or a lyrical poem, in which I will represent the contempt of this man in the clearest light. It will not be difficult for me to turn the time-piece of the world backwards, so that the hand may again point to the spot, upon which Voltaire and other French writers have most justly represented this unnatural, uneducated, ignorant, low-bred genius as some curious monster.”

Thus he continued, and there was no possibility

of putting a stop to this Juvenalic torrent or Demosthenic hurricance. They were obliged to allow his natural powers and the patriotic excitement to be exhausted, and it was only, when Oswald was quite overcome, and had taken up his hat and stick to go away, with a determination never to visit this friendly circle again, that the German, as he pressed down the fatigued young man into his arm-chair, could find the opportunity of speaking :

“ Now, look ; man, friend, how precipitate you have been, and how you have excited yourself without necessity ! Is it then possible that any book could contain such a verse ? Would they have translated Hamlet into your language, and represented the tragedy upon your stage, if it had contained such a doctrine ? Look at the passage again, look !—but not merely with your eyes—who says the words ? The king of Denmark himself, at a public audience ; and to whom does he address them ? To a young cavalier, whom he wishes to gain by flattery and kindness. In the second scene of the piece, when Laërtes wishes to return to France, and is taking leave of the king, the latter says obligingly to him : You stated a

wish, Laërtes.—What is it?—You cannot speak of reason to the Dane (to me, the king).—You can say nothing, can demand nothing, if it be not contrary to all possibility—and speak in vain, or have your demand refused.

“ Well, is it not so ? It is not only the German, and their learned men, who are subject to such precipitation, who stare and look at lines with fixed eyes and yet see them not.”

The Dane was ashamed, and then said ; “ Truly, let no one think himself standing so firmly, that he may not likewise fall. The German has led me by a trick into this *faux-pas*, which is quite in character with the manner in which men are confused in this said tragedy.”

“ Only in a joke !” replied the German.

\*.\* The reader is requested to excuse any typographical errors that may have occurred.













